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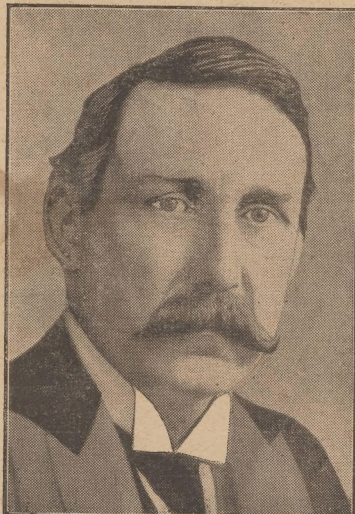
One Halfpenny.

GENERAL AND MME. STOESSEL ON THEIR WAY HOME.



General Stoessel (who yesterday was received by the Tsar and invited to lunch with his Sovereign) and his wife, on their way home from Port Arthur. This photograph was taken on board the Russian cruiser St. Nicholas at Port Said, and Mme. Stoessel, whose hair has turned white through the horrors of the siege, is seen holding a bouquet presented her by some of the Russian officers on the ship.—(Jacques Guerin, Port Said.)

THE EARL OF SELBORNE.



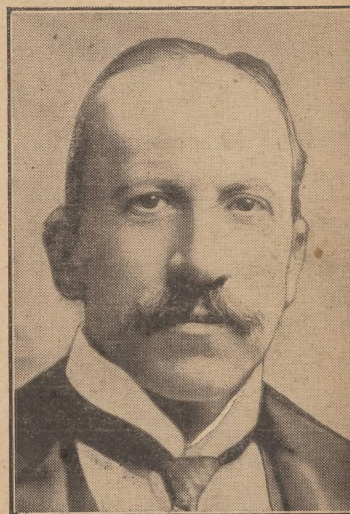
He will shortly proceed to South Africa to succeed Lord Milner as High Commissioner. (Beresford.)

COUNTESS OF SELBORNE.



Daughter of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and wife of the newly-appointed High Commissioner of South Africa. —(Langhler.)

VISCOUNT MILNER.



Who has resigned his post as High Commissioner in South Africa, and will shortly return to England.—(Walter Barnett.)

FAILEN IDOL MEETS HIS TSAR.

Stoessel, Coldly Received in
Russia, Wishes He Had
Died at Port Arthur.

DOGS AS LAURELS.

"Three Spaniels and a Parrot" All
He Brought from the East.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Nothing could be more pathetic than the situation in which General Stoessel, the defender of Port Arthur, finds himself. He has come back from the scene of what was looked upon at the time as a glorious resistance ending in inevitable and noble defeat, but which has now come to be regarded by so many as an ignominious, unnecessary surrender. It is not yet quite certain whether he will be disgraced or forgiven.

Mme. Stoessel, grey and weather-beaten, as she leaned upon her husband's arm when they arrived together at the railway station, appeared to be the only one who has not lost faith in the Port Arthur soldier. The military men who met them were few in number and their enthusiasm for or absent. It was plain that official St. Petersburg was holding aloof, not knowing whether to snub or condone. Stoessel, who is often blunt or brutal, has many enemies who would not be averse from kicking him if he were down, but—like men of such a type—they intend to be quite sure that their man is down before they begin kicking.

"GREAT SOVEREIGN, FORGIVE!"

The General was received to-day by the Tsar, and to him he went in the spirit in which he sent his famous message after the surrender, the message—"Great Sovereign, forgive!"

The interview was a long one. St. Petersburg is wondering whether the Tsar, who has not faced the revolutionaries with much martial ardour, could have reproached Stoessel for lack of courage. Events of the past few weeks have had a chastening effect upon the ruler of the Russians, and it is suggested that he is more in a mood to forget than he was a little time ago.

The Tsar invited the General to luncheon, and they sat together, broken idols, men who have suffered, and aged, and seen the love of the people for them waning.

The soldiers of the Court, those who did not go to fight in Manchuria, but remained in Russia to fatten on the Government and to sell supplies to the army which the army never got, are the most hostile to Stoessel. The tolerant men, of course, are the old warriors.

But, while it is certain that Stoessel is a fallen idol, it is equally certain that his wife is not. The worn and tired-looking General, who, when he was last in St. Petersburg was so violent and overbearing that he would strike in the face with his whip anyone who got in his way, is silent and reserved, and looks half-ashamed and apologetic.

"A BRAVE TALKER."

At one time Stoessel said that if Port Arthur surrendered it would be his dead body that the Japanese would capture. It is reported that since his arrival here he has said bitterly that he almost wishes his prophecy had been fulfilled, and that it was only the thought of his wife that compelled him to endure the humiliations of living.

But these brave words are not believed by everyone. People there are who say that Stoessel is not as brave a fighter as he is a talker.

Mme. Stoessel brought back with her from the East three Chinese spaniels and the parrot presented to her by the Empress of China.

"They are about all that Stoessel has brought back," said an officer bitterly. "He comes out of the campaign with nothing. The three dogs and the bird are all the things of any value with which he returns. Everything else has vanished—reputation, chance of promotion, everything. It is fitting that he should have his dogs and his bird. They will do instead of laurels."

There is a good deal of talk about the German Emperor's hasty endorsement of Stoessel's defence of Port Arthur. People wonder how the Kaiser feels and whether he wishes he had not gone off at a "half-cock."

But all this must not be taken as meaning that Stoessel has no friends and supporters. The whole problem of whether he did right to give up has been reopened by his presence here.

It is by no means certain how Stoessel will come out of it eventually, but things look bad for him now. The feeling towards him is that which made ancient peoples kill the bearers of evil news. His arrival reminds the Russians that they have lost Port Arthur. Some of them think it was lost through and by him; the most temperate wonder whether some other general, had there been one in command, might not have saved it.

CORNERING KUROPATKIN.

Russians May Be Driven to
Evacuate Mukden.

FRESH DISASTERS.

The latest news of the battle which is proceeding between the Russian and Japanese armies on the Sha-ho indicates further disasters for Russia.

Indeed, something like panic prevails in the official circles in St. Petersburg, and it is freely rumoured that Kuropatkin will soon have to evacuate Mukden, and that he will shortly be replaced in the command of the Manchurian army by the Grand Duke Nicholas.

Now General Kuropatkin, says an Exchange telegram from St. Petersburg, has reported to the General Staff that the Japanese have occupied the heights of Ubenapaoste and the entrenchments at Kudiate.

It is at these points that some of the most severe fighting on the Sha-ho has taken place, and up till to-day it was generally believed that the Russians were holding their own.

General Kuroki, flushed with his victory over General Linievitch, is now pressing forward to Mukden. The Russian losses during the last five days are 8,000.

General Kuropatkin, in a report to the Tsar dated Tuesday, and forwarded by Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent, thus describes the fighting at Ubenapaoste:

According to reports received the enemy to-day (Tuesday) attacked the advance guard of our detachment near the village of Ubenapaoste. All the attacks were repulsed.

HEAVY BOMBARDMENT.

To-day the Japanese bombarded with field and siege artillery our positions between Sakuphe Kautuline and Putloff Hill, the firing from the eleven millimetre guns being especially vigorous.

Last night another detachment of our scouts made three successive attempts to occupy a wood on the right bank of the Sha-ho, opposite Lamatin, but this morning, owing to heavy losses caused by the enemy's machine-guns, they were compelled to fall back on their entrenchments.

If Kuropatkin cannot check Kuroki's onward movement he will have to retreat from Mukden—a grave disaster to Russia.

In conjunction with General Kuroki's onward movement, Marshal Oyama, states a Dalny telegram, has ordered a general advance of his whole army.

OKU'S GRIM DEFENCE.

Russians Fire Blindly—Their Desperate
Attacks Repulsed.

WITH GENERAL OKU, Tuesday.—The Japanese left wing, driving back the Russian outposts, has occupied a line from Satsumen, two miles west of the Hun-ho, north-west to Kalita, on the east bank of the Liaohing.

A heavy bombardment along the entire line west of the railway is continuing night and day, the Russians firing blindly with field and heavy guns.

The Japanese, however, remain in their positions and make no serious reply.

Last night five companies of Russian infantry attacked Lantin, aided by a terrible artillery fire. After desperate hand-to-hand fighting for an hour and a half they were repulsed, leaving sixty dead, some prisoners, and many trophies.

The Japanese loss did not exceed fifty. Small detachments of Russians have also attacked at many other points and been repulsed.—Reuter's Special Service.

THREE NEW DIVISIONS.

Three new divisions, says the "Echo de Paris" correspondent, will shortly be mobilised. The War Minister will send to the Far East next week twelve field batteries, 35,000 rounds of shrapnel, and 100,000,000 cartridges.

GRIPENBERG TO BE TRIED.

General Gripenberg will, it is stated by the "Matin," be brought before a Council of War, nominally under the presidency of the Tsar, being presided over by General Labovinsky, who takes the place of General Dragomirov owing to the latter's illness.—Exchange.

It is reported in St. Petersburg that Prince Murat was wounded in the recent fighting.

GEYSER OF MOLTEN METAL.

By the explosion of a large tank containing molten metal, a ton of flaming liquid was hurled through the air at Messrs. Magowan's ironworks, Belfast, yesterday.

Ten men were engaged round the tank at the time, and not one escaped serious injury. A quantity of refrigerating pipes were being galvanised.

NAVAL PROGRAMME.

Naval Estimates for 1 Battleship, 4
Cruisers, and 11 Submarines.

According to Lord Selborne's memorandum, issued last evening, the Navy Estimates for 1905-6 amount to £33,389,000, as against £26,889,000 for the current year.

It is proposed to begin during 1905-6 one battleship, four armoured cruisers, five ocean-going destroyers, one ocean-going destroyer of an experimental type, twelve coastal destroyers, and eleven submarines. The King has approved that the battleship shall be named the Dreadnought, and the first armoured cruiser the Invincible.

Lord Selborne says the fleet has never been in a more perfect state of repair than at present. It is proposed to appoint a new officer, called the Inspector of Target Practice. Parliament will be asked to provide money for a second royal yacht, for which £50,000 will appear in the Estimates for this year.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Liberals Fail Badly in a Snap Division—Mr.
Chamberlain's Position.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—The first attempt of the Opposition to take a "snap" division against the Government was made this afternoon, but, owing to the vigilance and activity of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, proved to be a complete failure.

The subject of discussion was the Supplementary Estimate in connection with the Army, and the Radicals, having mustered in full force, Mr. McKenna, the Radical member for Monmouthshire, was put up to move an amendment, which he did formally, without a word of explanation, the intention being, of course, that a division should at once be taken.

Mr. Bromley-Davenport, however, was equal to the occasion, and kept the House interested for over half an hour with an explanation of the vote under discussion. A number of Ministerials also took part in the debate, not one single Radical venturing to show any disposition to intervene.

By the time the discussion on the first part of the vote was brought to a close, and the division was called, the Ministerial forces were well in hand, with the result that the very credible majority of 52 was recorded for the Government.

MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

I learn this evening that Mr. Chamberlain was closeted for some considerable time this afternoon with Mr. Balfour in the Prime Minister's private room at the House, when, it is understood, that a discussion took place on the relations between the two sections of the Party, so far as the country is concerned.

Mr. Chamberlain is very indignant at the action of Sir Alexander Acland Hood, in supporting Lord Hugh Cecil, and has made it pretty clear to the Prime Minister that, if this attitude is to be officially recognised, he and his friends will not constitute a more aggressive attitude in the constituencies than they have done up to the present time.

What the result of to-day's interview may be, time will show, but there is some reason to believe that Mr. Balfour, with his characteristic balance of mind, has been able to find a basis of action in the constitution that may be acceptable to all parties.

It is understood that Mr. Chamberlain has also been called into consultation in reference to the line of action that ought to be taken by the Government in respect to Mr. Winston Churchill's "free food" motion, which is down for consideration next Wednesday evening. Indeed, this, for the moment, is one of the most troublesome questions that the Government have to face. I learn to-night that they will in all probability meet the motion by moving the previous question. This would probably satisfy both the tariff reformers and a section of the free fooders, and enable the Government once more to enter their majority on the fiscal question without interfering into the details of their policy.

VACANT OFFICES.

The gossip in the Lobby to-night has turned entirely upon what is likely to take place in reference to the vacant offices which now exist in Mr. Balfour's Administration. The appointment of Lord Selborne to South Africa is, on the whole, fairly well received by Unionists, while the Liberals prefer to adopt a non-committal attitude.

Various names continue to be associated with the vacant office at the Admiralty, but nothing definite has, I believe, been yet decided. The statement in a morning paper that Mr. Wyndham would go to the Admiralty is, at present, at all events, entirely unauthorised, and while of course, did his health permit, it might be a useful way of seeing the various difficulties, it is by no means certain that his transfer will take place.

It is becoming more than ever certain, however, that he will not go back to the Irish Office, and the next few days will no doubt make it clear what his future is to be.

GENERAL BOOTH'S WORLD TOUR.

30,000 Miles by Sea and 8,000
Miles by Land.

MEETING AT CALVARY.

Within a month of his seventy-sixth birthday, General Booth left London yesterday on a salvation crusade through Australia, New Zealand, and Palestine.

Hundreds of his soldiers assembled at Victoria Station to wish their patriarchal commander-in-chief godspeed, while in all parts of the country simultaneous prayer was offered by Salvationists.

Though nearer eighty than seventy, the "General" obviously felt young and fit. Only his ashen countenance and very white beard bespoke his sum of advanced years.

Age had no part in the glance of his eyes, the agility of his movements, the humour of his smiles, or the deep tones of his wonderful voice, as he distributed "God bless you" among members of the staff that accompanied him from his cab to his compartment.

TEARS OF FAREWELL.

With the "General" were his eldest son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, chief organiser of the army, and Commissioner Nicol, editor of the "War Cry."

As the train moved away General Booth pronounced a benediction upon the followers he left behind. There were many tremulous lips and watery eyes. Even "civilians" joined in the valedictory cheer, admiring the grand old campaigner.

The undernoted table indicates the programme of his itinerary:—

PALESTINE.		
Jerusalem.	Jaffa.	Bethlehem.
Nazareth.	Joppa.	Holy Sepulchre.
Mount Olivet.	Caesarea.	Getsemane.
Dead Sea.	Jericho.	Capernaum.
AUSTRALIA.		
Adelaide.	Perth.	Coolgardie.
Sydney.	Hobart.	Geelong.
Melbourne.	Brisbane.	Ballarat.
NEW ZEALAND.		
Dunedin.	Christchurch.	Wellington.
Napier.	Auckland.	New Plymouth.
And scores of small towns in both the Colonies.		

MILEAGE OF THE TOUR.

By sea	30,000 miles.
By land (in trains and motors)	8,000 miles.

300 SPEECHES.

During the five months of his crusade it is calculated that the General will deliver on an average two addresses a day seven days a week, making at least three hundred speeches. Many of these will be made to vast congregations in great halls of large towns visited.

His most impressive and significant meeting will be held in the open air around Mount Calvary, which the General will visit for the first time—to him inevitably a moving experience.

Colonel Jolliffe gave the *Daily Mirror* yesterday a graphic account of the General's tireless activity, and the ease with which he performs his work.

The train, he said, would not be well out of the station till he would start work of some sort. He is incapable of idleness, or even leisure. His cabin on board ship would be a workshop, with typewriters perpetually ticking. Five or six hours' sleep in the twenty-four usually sufficed.

THE GENERAL'S WORKING DIET.

As to diet. Strong tea—two, or even three cups—a hot toast, and a hot tomato, made the General's favourite breakfast. If he had the same thing over again for lunch he would be quite satisfied.

For dinner fried potatoes might be added to the menu, with the toast and tomato served up as before. A cup of hot milk would be his night-cap. A breakfast or meat of any kind had no charms for the General, whom Colonel Jolliffe regarded as the hardest and happiest worker it had ever been his lot to know.

Strong tea, hot toast, hot tomatoes, fried potatoes three times a day! What have physiologists got to say to diet like this? The General does not consult the doctors or the valedictorians. He deems his spare diet enough, and points to his health and his work for proof.

FUTURE TOURS.

On returning in August, General Booth contemplates another motor-car tour in Scotland, to be followed by a similar crusade in Germany.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Seven men were bravely rescued from a Norwegian brig by the Berwick lifeboat yesterday morning. They were much exhausted, and the captain was injured.

Viscount Ridley has been appointed chairman of the Tariff Reform League, at a meeting held at the House of Commons, at which Mr. Chamberlain was present.

FORTUNES WAITING FOR EGG-FARMERS.

An Experiment with a Moral for
Sleepy Countrymen.

STRIKING TEST.

Why is it that there are so few home producers of eggs and poultry to compete with the foreigner, to whom we pay millions of pounds every year for such articles?

In the current number of the "County Gentleman" appears a most interesting letter from "Home Counties," who describes a scheme he lately tried for bringing fresh country produce to the London consumer's door, of course with a view to profit for himself. The result was disappointing. This is what he says:

"On January 1 this year I thought I would try a scheme, which I considered was a means of making money to live on, and at the same time enable me to live in the country.

Only Seven in 1,050.

"I got the book of farmers in the Eastern Counties who are prepared to supply farm produce direct to the consumer. There was a list of 1,050 names and addresses (G.E. Railway list). I sent each one a letter and a form to fill up with list of goods they could supply, and the price for supplying them. I got thirty-five replies, all told, and only seven of these had any goods for sale, and even what they had were very limited.

"My idea was to buy from the farmers in large quantities, and have lady agents in London, especially in neighbourhoods where flats were plentiful, to get orders for the produce. I would add on a small sum to cover agents' commission and a profit for myself.

"I advertised for lady agents, and I got seventy-five. In every case I made inquiries into their trustworthiness, and I sent them a list of what I could supply and the prices (the farmers supplied the lists to me and their own prices, and I made up my list and my prices, a small addition being made to cover agents' commission and give me a profit, as mentioned before).

"The agents tried to call at houses, show my list, and the lady of the house would select what she wanted, fill up a printed order form, and prices thereon. The agent would send this order to me, and I would send instructions to Farmer — to send on the goods direct to Mrs. —. The agent would call and ask if the goods arrived safe and sound, if they gave satisfaction, etc., and collect the money and forward it to the farmer. The farmer would charge to my account, and I would settle with him weekly.

£186 Orders in a Week.

"Just to prove my scheme, my seventy-five agents were set going, and in the first week I had orders for the value of £186! When I wrote to the farmers I only said 'send the produce!' So I had actually to return the majority of the orders. This £186 meant a clear profit for me (after paying farmers and agents) of £18 12s. (10 per cent.)—not a bad profit.

"Of course, I had to give up the scheme, as I could not get the produce.

"I had the buyers, and one will only think of what could be done with farm produce, organised on such a business line as any ordinary commercial house, it is really a shame that there is so much land in England out of use, not even used for grazing—and we import butter, cheese, fruit, poultry, and other things, which could easily be grown here.

"My experience proves to me that if some huge company could be formed to buy up land, say, up to £20 an acre, and grow farm produce and sell it by agents, or send up to the central markets by motor-cars, there would be a splendid profit earned, cottages for labourers could be built, and the people brought back to the land."

He concludes by really declaring that if we knew how to set to work, as they do in America and on the Continent, there would not be a field in England unused. Our farming methods are obsolete—antiquated.

OVERFED PAUPERS.

Some of the old folk in Islington Workhouse have complained that they get too much dinner, so the guardians are about to consider reductions in quantities of meat, pudding, and potatoes.

To discourage able-bodied week-end visitors, attracted by the roast beef, bread, and potatoes provided for Sunday's dinner, it is proposed to give them in future bread and cheese, and coffee, in the summer, and bread and lentil soup in the winter.

JUST BEFORE THE WEDDING.

A young girl named Lane, sleeping in an upper room at Bush Hill Park with her elder sister Lucy, who was about to be married, was awakened by a cold blast of air, and saw her sister disappearing through the open window in her night attire.

The elder girl, who is said to have suffered from occasional fits of somnambulism, fell fifty feet to the pavement, and died almost immediately.

£400,000 POLICY.

Insurance Company Gains £200,000 by
Mrs. Stanford's Death.

If Mrs. Leland Stanford had lived another two years her death would have meant a loss of £200,000 to the Mutual Life Insurance Office of New York.

Her sudden death at Honolulu this week from tetanus of the respiratory organs is shrouded in mystery, but is suspected to be due to strychnine poisoning.

Her husband, the famous Senator and railway millionaire, founded and endowed with a gift of £60,000, the Stanford University at Palo Alto, in California.

Some years after his death Mrs. Stanford, then seventy-one, made a curious bequest to the university. She insured her life for its benefit; if she died within ten years it would receive £200,000, but if she survived that period the Mutual Life of New York would pay over £400,000. The annual premium was £24,000.

Mrs. Leland Stanford was almost the last woman in the world who should have feared murder.

Started Many Young Men in Life.

Kind-hearted, and most charitable, she spent her time and fortune in good works; and many a rich and prosperous young American owes her his start in life.

A few weeks ago she drank some mineral water said to have contained enough strychnine to kill several persons; but the large quantity acted as an emetic.

The mineral water she took at Honolulu contained a dose of bi-carbonate of soda purchased in San Francisco.

The body will be conveyed to San Francisco next week, and buried in the chapel of the university at Palo Alto.

SERVANTS' GOLDEN AGE.

Remarkable Succession of Legacies to Faithful
"Retainers."

This is evidently the golden age for domestic servants, despite rumours as to their ultimate extinction.

During the last few weeks nearly £100,000 has been bequeathed to them by grateful employers.

It is now announced that Mr. Maw, of Nutfield, Surrey, and of the Aldersgate-street firm of chemists and druggists, who left £242,065, has bequeathed about £700 to his servants.

The legacies are:—

Cookman	£100	Cook	£50
Butler	£100	Butler	£50
Gardener	£100	His daughter's maid	£25
Nurse	£100	Cowan	£10
Estate foreman	£100	Farm-hand	£10

To each indoor servant of five years' service he left three months' wages.

MANY-SIDED DEBTOR.

Travels from Dulwich to Monte Carlo in
Search of Success.

"How to try and not succeed" would seem a motto to suit Mr. Evan Cameron Hitch, who applied for his discharge yesterday in the Bankruptcy Court.

Since his second failure most of his unsuccessful enterprises appeared to have been of a betting and gambling nature, and he now boasts liabilities amounting to £2,781, and nothing in respect of his estate.

In 1889 he took a hotel at Asa Dulwich, and lost £1,000 by it. He went to Spa for his health, established a golf club, obtained permission to manage the local races, and lost £2,000.

In 1901 he took an office in Ludgate-hill for betting purposes. Then in 1903 he was in Victoria-street, raising subscriptions for a Monte Carlo system. This system succeeded for a fortnight, but in the third week all the capital was lost.

Next he conceived the idea of forming a social and gambling club at Mentone. He took a villa there and spent a lot of money, but paragraphs in "Truth" appeared and killed the scheme.

The discharge was granted subject to a judgment being entered up against the debtor with his consent for £1,000.

NOVEL SHOP CLEANING.

Combined ventilation and shop-cleaning on a novel plan is to be installed at the new Clydebank factories of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Immediately the sawdust and chips leave the machines they will be drawn by an air current set up by motor-driven fans to the furnaces of the main boilers.

The Prince of Wales has been asked to lay the foundation-stone of the new buildings in connection with the South Wales University College, Cardiff.

COAL AT £100,000 THE TON.

Twelve Tons Disclosed to View
Under the Shakespeare Cliff.

EXPENSIVE FIRE.

At the foot of Dover's white cliffs a party of London journalists yesterday contemplated a heap of coal with respectful admiration.

There were twelve tons of the mineral in all, possibly the most expensive fuel yet raised from the earth.

It represented the concrete result, up to the present, of the investment of a million and a half sterling by the British public.

Nevertheless it formed ocular evidence of the existence of coal in Kent, to which end the Pressmen were invited to Dover by the Consolidated Kent Colliery Corporation.

Evidence was further supplied of its burning qualities. A fire was lighted of it, and before the cheerful blaze thus afforded the chilled visitors warmed themselves, while a director of the company explained the difficulties, engineering and otherwise, which had to be surmounted before so much coal could be raised.

Then, donning oilskins and sou'westers, the visitors entered an iron bucket in parties of five, and made a plunge of 1,300ft. below the earth's surface to see the seam from which it had been taken.

The seam was duly inspected, and proved to be twenty inches in thickness. It rests on a bed of valuable fire clay five feet in thickness.

Within the next week it is expected that another seam two feet thick will be encountered, for the borings made reveal its presence about twenty feet below the depth at present reached.

It is estimated from the borings made that between the 1,300 feet level, where work is now going on, and the 2,200 feet level, there are eight seams of workable coal, aggregating over twenty feet in thickness.

BACKWARD WOMAN.

Scathing Denunciation of the Gentler Sex by
a Female Lecturer.

Mrs. Perkins Gilman concluded her series of lectures on "Woman's Place in Civilisation" at the Women's Institute, yesterday, by a scathing denunciation of her sex.

Women, she said, up to a few years ago were degrading and retarding the development of the world, humanity, and civilisation.

"They absorb the selfishness of the world," she continued.

"What unselfish human being would go to a football match, for instance, wearing a hat the size of a cartwheel, sit in the front seats, and steadily refuse to remove the obstruction?"

"There is tremendous change impending, a huge social change. Because we live in houses now, it does not by any means follow that we shall always do so. The time that people lived in trees and tents was far longer than the time they have lived in what are now known as civilised habitations; and it may be that when women take their rightful place as human beings, and equal with men, we shall no longer live in houses."

GRATEFUL LADY PUPILS.

Chaufeur-Instructors Have a Taste for the
Thin Watch.

A Piccadilly jeweller says that present-giving for grateful society women to the men who instruct them in the "craze" of the moment is one of his most profitable sources of business.

To a writer in the "World" he explained that as the craze changed the article specially in demand for presents changed also. Four years ago professors of skating were able to indulge a weakness for gold bangles with a diamond here and there. Fencing-masters a year later preferred gold-headed pens.

Gymnastic instructors liked huge silver cigar-cases with a blazing monogram. Bridge professors delighted in gold sovereign-cases.

Now it is the turn of the chauffeur, who revels in the thin watch.

But there is a steady demand for dainty little silver match-boxes for the attractive young actor—whose coat-of-arms and family motto have subsequently to be engraved upon them.

PRINCESS CONVALESCENT.

Princess Victoria yesterday left her apartments for the first time since her operation for appendicitis, and took exercise in the Palace corridors in a wheeled chair sent from Sandringham on Wednesday for her use.

Her Royal Highness's early removal from London is anticipated.

MILKMAIDS SAD.

Old Ladies of the Mall Again Write
to the King.

"It's quite true, sir, we are not satisfied with our new stall in the Park," said Mrs. Kitchen, the Mall milkmaid, to the *Daily Mirror*. "But we are not obstinate; we are only anxious about our business."

Mrs. Kitchen was seated by the side of her invalid husband in her small but tidy little home. The pair might well have sat for a picture of Darby and Joan.

"I and my sister," she continued, "had two separate businesses, and we both have a good connection. And in summer we have a great number of customers, so we both of us have to keep a large stock. There's no room in that shed for both of us. And the King promised us two sites."

"I wrote to Sir Schomberg on Monday, and I thought that he would have answered by now."

"I told him I didn't want to be obstinate, but we had been promised two sites, and should lose half our business if we were both under the same roof."

"Only One Door!"

"Besides, there is only one door. Oh, it would never do!"

"You know, they wanted us to go to Kensington Gardens. But we should have lost our connection, and it's a big one, especially in summer. It is hard that we should lose our money and that we are so old, and I have my invalid husband to keep."

"But, if the King knows of it, it will be all right. He is so good and kind, and it will be no trouble to him to have another stall put up for us old women."

NATION'S QUEER BILLS.

Quaint Accounts Which the British Taxpayer
Cheerfully Pays.

Some curious items appear in the Civil Service estimates for the year.

The fact that £200 is set aside for prosecutions for assaults on bailiffs, shows that their lives are full of incident.

"Persons committed to prison" should really pay their own cab fares in future, for, at present, the British taxpayer pays £3,500 on their behalf. A modest competence of £3 a year may be earned by cleaning inkpots and dusting books in the Law Courts.

Female officers at one of H.M.'s prisons receive gratuities on their marriage. In England the bill for this item amounts to £150, in Scotland, £130.

Winding clocks in prisons, together with harmonium playing and photography, costs £1,149.

In Ireland some lucky individual acquires each term 12s. for cleaning the mace!

The police authorities received £250 for whipping juveniles.

"THE BLACK LADY."

Cardiff House Haunted by Uncanny Sounds
and Weird Apparitions.

Footsteps in the corridor, vibration of beds, and the upsetting of kitchen chairs are a few of the signs which convince the inhabitants of Bank House, in Cardiff, that the place is haunted.

Jacky, the house-boy, relates that one night a lady in black entered his bedroom and silently left it, shutting the door behind her.

On another occasion he says he saw his mother, who usually wears a white dress, enter the room, sit by his bedside, and then vanish into thin air.

Humming sounds and weird voices also disturb the nocturnal calm, and the residents, Mr. Registrar Howell and his family, are becoming quite weary of these attentions from apparently supernatural agencies.

GREEK MEETS ANTI-GREEK.

Unprecedented Preparations for the Language
Fight at Cambridge.

Voting begins at Cambridge to-day on the momentous question of compulsory Greek, and the result will probably be made known to-morrow evening.

Not since the memorable proposal to confer degrees on women have University circles been so perturbed, nor have such elaborate arrangements been made for the voting.

The committees for and against compulsory Greek have expended large sums to induce men to come up and vote.

On the question of women degrees, 2,600 votes were registered; nearly double the number are expected on this occasion.

"Taking into consideration that the second wife died in ignorance of the fact that she had been deceived, I shall only inflict sentence of four months' hard labour," said the Judge to a painter named Windsor, who pleaded guilty to bigamy at Derbyshire Assizes.

TO FIGHT THE KAISER

Britain's Effort to Prevent Kiel
Becoming the Capital of Yachting.

NOTABLE SCHEME.

The Kaiser has precipitated a yacht war by his adroit diplomacy in promoting the sport in German waters.

British yachtsmen have awakened with a sudden start to the conviction that Germany has for years been obtaining the lion's share of yachting.

Now the signal has gone forth to all the home clubs: "England expects that every man this year will do his duty," by patronising the Clyde regattas and incidentally boycotting Kiel week, which falls on the same date.

"The anomaly must cease," said a prominent yachtsman yesterday. "The Emperor has proved an excellent patron and host, but a deep-laid scheme underlies his courtesies.

"His laudable object has been for ten years to foster in the Fatherland a love of aquatic affairs, and so import a fillip to his naval schemes.

Victor by Kindness.

"He has always given handsome prizes and entertained yachtsmen with lavish hospitality, shaking hands and chatting with winners of the races, and making himself deservedly popular.

"We do not blame him. All we say is that, having been caught napping, we have now waked up. Yachting, like charity, should begin at home—and continue there."

Kiel week next June will be a lack-lustre affair compared to recent years. It is practically certain that British yachtsmen will absent themselves in a body for patriotic reasons, though reluctantly in some cases, well knowing that even the brilliant Cowes season has hardly surpassed Kiel in point of racing and social quality.

Similarly, the Clyde regattas have been languishing for lack of entrants.

It was explained to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday by the editor of "The Yachtsman," that the defensive move was taken by the Royal London Club at a recent conference. The Clyde clubs were approached, with the result that prizes have been offered for races from the Solent to the Clyde, and from the Clyde to the Solent at the time of the Kiel regattas.

Another Counter-move.

Mr. Moir, of the "Yacht Dragon," has also offered to give prizes for smaller boats for a similar series of races.

"These boats will be catered for at the Irish regattas, too. All the best boats have entered. Such is the plan of campaign among British clubs in the yacht war with Germany."

But one move of the Kaiser's will be hard to out-manoeuvre. In the ocean race for mixed foreign yachts, starting at Dover and finishing at Heligoland, for which the Emperor gives a coveted cup, the standing arrangement is that the yachts be met by tugs at Heligoland and towed to Kiel, where the prizes are presented personally by the Emperor at a banquet on the Imperial yacht.

It is felt that etiquette will compel these yachts, mostly British and of the large cruising class, to comply with the Imperial programme.

But as steam yachts are barred in the Clyde races their probable absence is no serious ground for grudge against the German rivals.

BOXING PRIEST.

Because of an altercation with a cabman, Hugh Byrne, a priest, was fine at Southwark yesterday.

Having had too much to drink, he exclaimed to a remonstrating constable that he was a literary man and a boxer, and there weren't two men in England to stand up against him.

GARDEN MINT.

Young Sons of a Surgeon-Major Charged
with Coining.

Three well-connected youths were charged yesterday at Bristol with making and uttering counterfeit coin. Their alleged miniature "mint" was concealed in the garden of a prominent man in the town. The social position of the prisoners and the singular features of the case mark it as exceptional.

The accused were Herbert Edward Kerslake and two brothers, named Samuel Edwards Smith and William Henry Smith, the sons of a retired surgeon-major.

The eldest of the three is Samuel Smith, and he is only twenty-one, though married.

Kerslake, said Mr. Sims, for the Treasury, tendered a florin for some gingerbeer in a public-house. Though the landlady thought it very light and brilliant, she accepted it, but afterwards put it aside.

Information the man gave when he was arrested led to the discovery at the bottom of the garden of the Smiths' father's premises of a complete counterfeit-coin outfit.

Coins were in course of manufacture. One beautifully-made mould was on the gas-stove drying with a pattern half-crown inside, from which an impress was to be taken.

The elder Smith was with the police, and during the search his younger brother came in, and upon him was found a coin gilded over.

The Smiths stated that they had learnt all about the process from a minute description in a magazine.

The prisoners were sent for trial, and bail was allowed.

RIGHT-OF-WAY COMEDY.

Workman Armies Engaged in an Amusing
Battle Over a Disputed Road.

A dispute between the Lintotype Company and a Mr. Sparkes as to a right of way leading to the former's works at Broadleath, Cheshire, has had a remarkable sequel. To enforce his denial of rights of usage, Mr. Sparkes built a fence across the road, but the obstruction was promptly removed by men acting under the direction of the company.

Next day the fence was rebuilt, and Mr. Sparkes added to his fortifications by digging a deep trench in the road. The sappers of the Lintotype Company forthwith tore down the fence, and filled in the trench. The following day there was quite a crowd of interested onlookers who watched Mr. Sparkes's men endeavour to open the trench, but as fast as they threw out the soil the Lintotype men shovelled it back again. The affair almost led to blows.

On Wednesday a truce was called for a day to consider their positions, but yesterday morning Mr. Sparkes chained a lorry across the road, and it still remains in that position.

DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM.

Waits Vainly for an Hour and a Half for a
Fickle Girl.

Clad in his best attire, and with a flower in his buttonhole, a young man alighted in the early morning from a cab at the corner of a street in Accrington.

Save that there was a portmanteau on the roof of the vehicle, and that he wore a look of expectant happiness, there was nothing to indicate he was waiting for his bride. An hour and a half slowly ticked away, and his look of eager expectancy gave way to signs of deep dejection.

He had arranged to meet his bride at a given spot and take her to Blackburn, where they were to be married, but, alas, for the fickleness of the sex, the bride forgot the engagement.

COST OF NOT BEATING THE MULLAH

The cost of the Somaliland campaigns against the elusive and still uncaptured Mullah totals £2,040,000. But Percy Smith in the House yesterday said that of this £1,900,100 had already been voted.

"CHEAP AND NASTY" DANISH PORK

While a Norfolk man was recently sent to prison for six months for sending to the London Central Meat Market a diseased carcass of pork, Danish exporters are able to send diseased pork there with impunity.

Mr. Cooper said at yesterday's meeting of the Court of Common Council that he had seen Danish carcasses which any officer ought to be ashamed to say he had passed. British producers of whole-some pork were crowded out, for the foreigner only risked forfeiture of a condemned carcass, and could undersell accordingly.

The matter was referred to the Sanitary Committee.

Seven men were rescued by the Berwick lifeboatmen yesterday from a Norwegian brig, which was wrecked on the Goswick Sands.

MISSING THOUSANDS.

How a Lady Over-spent Her Income
by £3,000.

RIVIERA SHOPPING.

"I know no more than I did the day before yesterday," said Mr. Pollock, the Official Referee, when Mrs. Fletcher, the lady whose missing money and baffling financial methods are the subject of an inquiry, stepped into the box. He looked up from his mass of notes and sighed.

Mrs. Fletcher again wore black, and held her gold and tortoiseshell lorgnette up to her eyes when she surveyed Mr. Thomas, the cross-examining counsel, with a white gloved hand.

"Really," she said to him, "you hadger me so that I cannot answer you."

"Surely," said Mr. Thomas, "a lady ought to come within £3,000 of her expenditure in one year, even if she were a Rothschild!"

Bad memory, as before, bothered Mrs. Fletcher, but she recollected buying seats for herself at the Coronation.

Butterfly Boxes.

Butterfly boxes and punch trays cropped up. "They were little things that I bought at different times and gave away," exclaimed witness. "I was always buying little things for them" (mentioning some relatives).

The vagueness of some of witness's answers sorely tested the patience of Mr. Pollock, who exclaimed testily, "Do answer yes or no, Mrs. Fletcher, and not waste time."

Mrs. Fletcher looked bored. It was her third day in the box.

Her memory still failed her when Mr. Atkin questioned her about buying lace at Mentone, but she admitted having gone into shops and buying it now and then.

She did not discuss the matter of the value of a cape with a possible purchaser. "Why should I?" she asked. "He was a hairdresser."

Not As Security.

Next, witness was taken through her share dealings, and on to further pawing with a Mr. Brooks. She could not remember how many items of jewellery she handed him as security, but there were diamond brooches, single-stone earrings, a watch bracelet, and other things.

Because Miss Stone, a former servant, had "lost lots of little sums through her," Mrs. Fletcher proposed to give her a bill of sale over the farm and stock at Oak Lawn. Not, she declared, as security for a loan. "I did not pay her any wages in 1903 and she lost generally through me," stated the witness.

The case was adjourned.

ZIRCONS AND JARGOONS.

"Chamberlain Loaf" Pearl a Feature of the
Great Streeter Gem Sale.

Precious stones collected from every mine in the world are now on view at Messrs. Foster's, in Pall Mall. They form, with many semi-precious stones, the collection of Mr. Edwin W. Streeter, and will be sold by auction to-day.

A pearl called the "Chamberlain Loaf" is shaped exactly like a loaf; it arrived from Australia on the day of Mr. Chamberlain's great fiscal speech.

There is an oval turquoise, 1½ inches in length, and the largest slab of sapphire ever found, 7½ inches across, is conspicuous.

The topazes vary in colour from white to deep brown.

Many people have never heard of zircons and jargoons, which closely resemble each other, and are not unlike sapphires. A good zircon is worth £12, a jargon a little less.

Four collections in jewel-cases each contain specimens of every cut and uncut precious and semi-precious stone.

WOMEN AND MAGIC.

Men Should Beware of Donkey's ear
in Their Soup.

Husbands whose faith in their wives is somewhat the worse for wear and tear are warned against a peril.

Dr. Westermarck, lecturing on the powers of magic before a Manchester audience the other night, remarked that among certain peoples women were supposed to be charged with supernatural energy, which gave them, in the minds of the many races, a secret power over the male sex. In Morocco, said the professor, who knows most there is to know about that country, a woman has only to cut off a bit of a donkey's ear and put it in her husband's food to ensure him becoming as foolish and as submissive as a donkey!

"Unmarried men nowadays are most extravagant. I have no sympathy with single men who get into debt," remarked Judge Emden in Lambeth County Court yesterday.

PRAYERS IN A CAR.

How Evan Roberts Spent His Week of
Spiritual "Wrestling."

A revival service in a tramcar has astonished the citizens of Leeds.

Two young men and a young lady from Aberdare, who have introduced the practice, declare that they have been directed to Leeds by visions. They express surprise that anyone should object to singing and praying in tramcars.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, who has for the past seven days lived alone in a room without verbal communication with anyone, came out yesterday, and broke his silence.

Mr. Roberts, after wishing his host "Good morning," told the assembled household that he had been in fierce conflict, and had had to contend with all the powers of earth and hell.

"I have wrestled," he said, "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, but power has been given to me, and I have obtained the victory."

Even his mother has not heard from him recently, and he has not been home since the week after Christmas.

Last Saturday evening, while at a meal between five and five-thirty, he suddenly seized a notebook and wrote in Welsh a remarkable prayer, appealing for purification, and concluding: "Baptise me with work for the sake of the Great Worker."

This prayer, beneath which he wrote "May a blessing befall all that read this," has been printed and distributed.

"MAINTENANCE."

Breach of Promise Case Gives Rise to
Remarkable Action.

A curious story under a curious legal heading—that of maintenance—is being dealt with by Mr. Justice Darling's Court.

"Maintenance," said Mr. Jelf, K.C., in his opening address, "means officious and actionable intermeddling by a non-interested individual in someone else's legal affairs." Mr. Thomas Kennedy, an Irish commercial traveller, counsel asserted, had been guilty of this by instigating a young Irish lady to bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against another Irishman, a Mr. Michael McCarthy, who is a contractor.

Mr. McCarthy was married in 1898, and Mr. Kennedy, who was then a great friend of Mr. McCarthy's, was "best man." But afterwards there was a disagreement.

Mr. Kennedy, according to Mr. Gill, then set about to persecute Mr. McCarthy, and try to ruin him. He is alleged to have obtained some love letters that Mr. McCarthy had written long before his marriage. It was also stated that Mr. Kennedy took an active part in preparing a breach of promise action on behalf of the lady to whom the letters were addressed.

The breach of promise action was brought—it was settled before it came into court—three years after Mr. McCarthy's marriage, and ten years after certain events dealt with by it, Mr. Gill complained.

The case was adjourned.

POTATO. SLUMP.

Housewife Will Soon Be Able To Buy 7lb.
for a Penny.

Old potatoes will soon be selling at 7lb. a penny. This is predicted as the result of a slump which is imminent.

There are vast quantities of potatoes in the country, and heavy supplies of new potatoes are expected shortly from the Canaries and the Channel Islands.

The British working man will soon therefore be able to counteract dearer sugar by cheaper potatoes, but the outlook for the grower is full of anxiety. A change has taken place since the vegetable fetched 3s. per lb. fifty years ago, and when the grower, to guard against frost, covered up the budding tubers with the bed-clothes.

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The Cheapest Shop for Watches and Clocks in the World.

"FATE" AND NEGLECT.

Destiny Accused by Erring Men and Women.

MINISTER'S MISFORTUNE.

"A dreadful Fate has made me guilty of this sin and shame."

(Extract from confession of a co-respondent read in Divorce Court yesterday.)

"It is no good fighting against Fate."

"You have been indifferent."

"This would not have happened if you had not neglected me."

(Extracts from wives' confessions read in the Divorce Court yesterday.)

So the two ideas forced on the notice of the president's court were the "inexorability and harshness of Fate" and "the danger to the happiness of homes caused by husbands' indifference and want of attention to their wives."

When the Court adjourned somebody suggested that Fate should in future be made "co-co-respondent" in divorce cases.

A Baptist minister named Baldwin was the petitioner in one of the "Fate" cases. He had been very unkind to him. He had been "supremely happy" with his wife until ill-health caused him to give up his ministry at Woking. He went to a "hydro" at Bath—and his wife eloped with the doctor of the establishment, a Dr. Park. Not till she had gone to Canada and come back again did he learn that while he had been "taking the waters" his wife had been intriguing with the doctor.

The Rev. William Baldwin was granted a decree nisi.

Search Through a Chest of Drawers.

It was through searching his wife's chest of drawers that Mr. Edward James Durham, a company manager, of Melrose-terrace, Kensington, obtained evidence that procured him yesterday a divorce from her and £300 damages against a merchant named De Souza. Mr. Durham found a letter beginning, "My Dearest Lil," and ending "Yours lovingly, Joe." Yet Mr. De Souza had been a "friend" of Mr. Durham's.

In the case of "Austin v. Austin and Scarlett" Mrs. Austin was one of the wives who, as mentioned above, complained of "indifference." Mr. Scarlett spoke in a confession of "dreadful Fate." Mr. Austin and Mr. Scarlett were employed as assistant masters in the same London school, and it was a case of a "friend" betraying the confidence of a "friend."

Mr. Austin had previously thrashed Mr. Scarlett. Yesterday the Court added £100 damages to the retribution.

A very pathetic note was struck in a letter that Mrs. Mary Watson, the wife of a Forest Gate builder, wrote to her husband. This letter was the first intimation received by Mr. Watson that his wife had lost her love for him. At the same time it told him that she had left him for ever.

After declaring that it was no use fighting against Fate, she continued: "Take care of dear little Phil (her only child) and love him all you can. Good-bye—Mary."

A decree nisi and £25 damages were awarded by the Court.

LADY STAIR'S SUIT.

An action for divorce brought by Lady Stair was dismissed at Edinburgh Law Courts yesterday.

The ground of the petition was desertion, but the Judge held that this had not been proved, as the Countess had only offered "to have her meals with" the Earl.

CORELLIAN SATIRE.

Famous Authoress Makes Merry Over the Shakespeare Memorial.

Miss Marie Corelli has released, in the columns of "London Opinion," her torrents of satire on her invitation to become a member of the General Committee who are organising a "World's Tribute" to Shakespeare's memory.

A few extracts will suffice to prove the famous authoress's powers of expansive irony, if proof be needed:—

After suffering from libel, slander, personal insult, and low lampoon, united to such incredibly coarse methods of treatment as none of the contemptible London and Stratford pettifoggers concerned in it would ever have been brave enough to offer to a man, but which, with unexampled courage, they mustered up in all their forces to visit on a woman—I am now invited to join in helping to support the "World's Tribute," which the world has been such a long time getting ready to offer to the greatest poet ever born. That I have accepted the invitation to serve the noble cause goes without saying.

The Americans are a great people. They started a "Memorial Window" in Shakespeare's Church ever so many years ago, and it is not yet paid for.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Ten thousand tons of coal have been ordered from England to replenish the supply held in reserve at Kiel for the use of the German navy.

West of Ireland county councils are "hard up." Collectors are quite unable to gather in the rates due, owing to the distress among the farmers.

Although facilities have been in existence for twelve months for direct telephonic communication between Leeds and Paris, not a single talk, it is stated, has been made.

Wild cats are on the increase in the Highlands. Mr. Macfarlane, of Kingussie, has three in his possession. It is quite possible that one of the animals will be purchased for the Zoo.

Six weeks after marriage a Castleford man sold up his home, saying he would not live with his wife because she belonged to a "blackleg" family. The wife has since obtained a maintenance order.

Newcastle grindstones maintain their reputation. Last year 13,203 tons of millstones and grindstones were shipped from the Tyne. Russia, Belgium, Norway, and Denmark are amongst the largest of foreign customers.

A Heywood man named Kelly has only paid 2s. in rates in fourteen years; although his household's total income was placed at £3 10s. 9d. per week. Further, the rate-collector said that Kelly, who has been committed for fourteen days, was now influencing other people to follow his example.

Sir Charles Hamond, doyen of Newcastle political men, passed away in that city yesterday, at the age of eighty-eight. He headed the Parliamentary poll in 1892. Mr. John Morley being second; whilst in 1895 Newcastle again placed him at the top of the poll. He introduced the Spanish silver-lead trade to the Tyne.

Mr. Gordon Craig (Miss Ellen Terry's son) was driving up to the gates of the Kremlin when the Grand Duke Sergius met his death. He saw the Duke blown into the air.

Colour blindness will not, the Army Council have decided, be reckoned among the disqualifications for commissioned service in future.

Another salt subsidence has occurred at Northwich, a hole ten to twelve feet in diameter and twelve feet deep suddenly appearing in an exhibition street.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opened an exhibition of arts and crafts at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, yesterday. Her Royal Highness was presented with a public address.

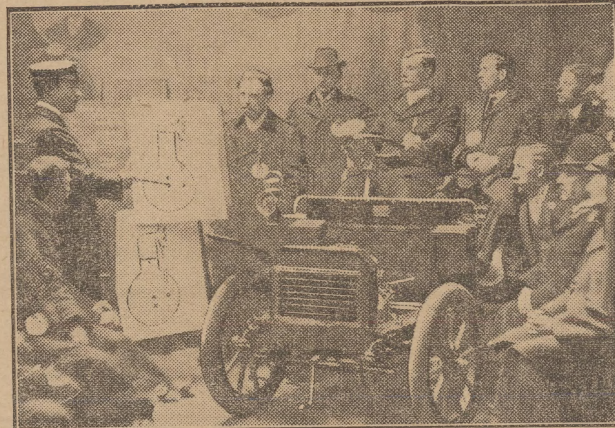
Mixed bathing is the all-engrossing topic at Barry just now. The district council have communicated with sixteen seaside resorts on the subject. Only three out of this number prohibit the practice.

In sentencing an inmate of the Oldham Union to six weeks' imprisonment for attacking another pauper, the chairman of the local magistrates facetiously remarked that there must be too much stimulating food in the workhouse.

"Inside a local church," writes a Birmingham correspondent, "I saw a lady with her back to the altar, an easel in front of her, painting. For greater convenience, she had removed her hat and placed it on the centre of the altar."

Charges of extraordinary cruelty were brought against a Thurlstone greengrocer at Barnsley. It was said he tethered a goat to a post near his house and kept the animal without food until it died. He also left seventeen fowls with their legs tied together for twenty-six hours.

TEACHING LONDON CABDRIVERS TO DRIVE MOTORS.



At the premises of the London Cabdrivers' Union classes like this are now being held daily to instruct the men in the driving of motor cars. The cabdrivers are very anxious to learn, the classes being well attended, and it is expected that a number of the new motor-cabs will be running in a few weeks' time.

Lord Durham, in opening a bazaar at Sandown, said he thought a sale an extremely immoral institution.

"Go home and make a rice pudding, and settle your differences that way," was the advice an Ashton magistrate gave to a woman who summoned her husband for desertion.

Time's ravages have worked less damage to the Monument than was at first thought. At yesterday's meeting of the City Corporation it was said that £7 would cover the cost of repairs.

Lord Morley was buried at Plympton, Devonshire, yesterday. Lord Lawrence represented the King at the memorial service at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the Lord Chancellor was also present.

The curate of St. Saviour's Church, Ravenshorpe, has denounced dancing as a means of raising church funds, quoting texts in support of his crusade. Whilst the Nonconformists approve his action, the parishioners of St. Saviour's have passed a condemnatory resolution.

Fond of Eccles cakes, so rich in currants, a boy named Wollenfenden obtained twelve on three different occasions from a shop at Eccles on the plea that they were for his aunt. His ingenuity has been rewarded with the birch rod, but his younger brother, who tried the same trick, was let off.

Cautiousness is a characteristic of the Salford Guardians. They questioned the wisdom of accepting pictures of "The Nativity," which a lady desired to place on the walls of the workhouse hospital, one guardian mentioning that the donor belonged to the High Church party. Ritualistic scruples were finally overruled and the gift was accepted.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the library-giving millionaire, has completed his new book, "The Life of James Watt," and it will be published at the end of next month.

Old silver and copper coins were found in great quantity in a leather bag belonging to a pauper who died at Scarborough. Yesterday the guardians decided to sell them to a dealer.

At a sale of antique furniture in Edinburgh an old, carved oak, high-backed chair, with shaped scrolls and roses, and brass plate bearing the words, "Mary Queen of Scots," realised £19 18s.

Golf is cheap on the Braid links, which belong to the Edinburgh Corporation. Over 92,000 people played there last year, and the charge for a round is only 2d. From fees the corporation obtains an income of £770 4s. 6d.

Steps have been taken to prevent the improper use of his Majesty's portrait for political purposes. Attention had been called to a manifesto in the form of an almanac bearing a picture of the King issued in the Barkeston Ash Division of Yorkshire.

"If Christ came to Manchester," said the Rev. W. Rigby Murray to a missionary society in that city, "Manchester would present a sight more wonderful than Athens or Rome with its great civilisation, humanity, and charity; its marvellous prosperity and abject poverty. Would the sweaters go uncondemned?"

From New Brighton to Liscard, via Mentone, is a long way round. Yet this was the route covered by a postcard dispatched at New Brighton on February 22. It was discovered inside a newspaper at Mentone, France, and kindly reposted by the finder with a 10 centime stamp, eventually reaching Liscard on February 27.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

MME. STOESSEL AND THE SIEGE ORPHANS.

Nothing could more excellently illustrate both the saddest and the best side of grim war than the photograph on pages 8-9 of Mme. Stoessel, the wife of the defender of Port Arthur, with the siege orphans she has adopted.

The orphans are children of Russian officers killed during the siege of the great Far Eastern fortress, which rendered thousands of unhappy women widows and thousands of innocent children fatherless. That is the sad side of the picture, but fortunately not the only one.

The bright side is to be found in the generous action of Mme. Stoessel in adopting some of the poor orphans. Her example in this respect has been followed by others, and thus much of the misery caused by the most sanguinary war of modern times will be alleviated.

Mme. Stoessel was the heroine of the siege. She was untiring in her attentions to the wounded, and had the honourable distinction of being wounded herself while on this splendid service; but her kindness to the six orphans who are by her side in our photograph has more than anything else gone to make Mme. Stoessel the most popular woman in Russia at the moment.

NOTED ATHLETE'S ROMANCE.

It may be a matter-of-fact world, but romance is not yet a thing of the past, as our reason for inserting Mr. George M. Schilling's portrait, see page 8, plainly evidences.

Mr. Schilling is a well-known American athlete, who, while engaged in a walking tour round the world, just recently came to Hull. He had occasion to go into a draper's shop there, and straightway fell in love with the young lady, Miss May Matthews, who attended to his needs.

The attraction was mutual, and the romance has just culminated in a wedding at Newcastle.

As a married man, Mr. Schilling continues his tramp to Glasgow, and afterwards has to do a long journey on foot through Ireland. His newly-married bride will follow him on his wanderings by train.

Mr. Schilling has not succeeded in winning the wager for which he was walking, but does not mind. He has done better still, and won a wife.

QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL.

Mlle. Jeanne Troupel, whose portrait will be found on page 8, has been elected "Queen of Queens" for the Mid-Lenten carnival in Paris.

The election took place in the Central Market Hall, a capacious clothes-basket doing duty for a ballot-box. When the result was made known it was evident that a large section of the meeting was antagonistic to Mlle. Troupel, for among the cheers were cries of "Who's been tampering with the ballot?" and such like.

The newly-elected Queen was much upset at the time, and puts the disturbance down to the envy of the women of the fish-market, whose candidate had been worsted.

The position of Carnival Queen is an unusually important one, for she is to go to Milan to officially represent France at the carnival there.

Mlle. Troupel, who is a dressmaker by trade, is a charming brunette of nineteen years of age, and will do credit to the throne of Carnival.

KING CARNIVAL AT NICE.

The Nice Carnival is now in full swing, and some new and quaint ideas for the processions have been evolved, as may be seen in our photographs on page 8.

King Carnival made his state progress through the town in the weird and wonderful car photographed. It represented a huge dragon of a hitherto undiscovered type realistically executed in canvas and pasteboard.

The most amusing feature of the procession, however, was undoubtedly the bodyguard of giants shown in our other picture.

SAVED BY A STRAP.

Bank clerks who carry valuables in a bag should take care to strap the latter to their backs.

An attempted robbery in Berlin, when a clerk named Schmidt was suddenly blinded by a quantity of snuff and cement being thrown into his face, failed because of this precaution. The crowd tried to lynch the robber.

* * The latest home news is what the Briton abroad wants, and the Overseas "Daily Mail" undoubtedly contains the best weekly budget.

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NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1905

LORD SELBORNE'S 'SACRIFICE'

THE suggestion in many of our contemporaries that Lord Selborne is making a great sacrifice in consenting to succeed Lord Milner seems to us to be not only rather absurd in fact, but also certain to offend the Colonies.

Nor will they be offended without reason. There is quite as much chance of gaining honour and glory across the seas; and it is quite a mistake to suppose that Pretoria is entirely composed of mud-cabins, or that our Colonial fellow-Britons are all people who dine in their shirt-sleeves.

As a matter of fact, to any man of enterprise and public spirit, a Colonial appointment offers far greater attractions than a position under Government in this country. At the head of a Department in Whitehall a Minister is governed by his subordinates. They decide what is to be done, and he initials their minutes.

The representative of the Sovereign in a land that is rapidly developing its resources has real work to do, real responsibilities to face. There is room for character to tell, a chance of making history. The notion that all the important Imperial machinery is located within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament is altogether out of date.

It is with the Colonies that the future of the Empire lies. They are the young, fresh, active members of the British Confederation. Upon them lies the task of keeping Britain in the front rank of the nations. To talk about a Cabinet Minister "sacrificing" himself by accepting a great office in a great Colony betrays an antiquated point of view, a lamentable inability to see things as they really are.

LOGIC VERSUS LOVE.

"If a train full of other people's children were running to certain destruction, and you could save it by sacrificing the life of your own child, would you do so?"

That is a question which Mrs. Perkins Gilman, the American lecturer, who has been engaged for the past week in telling women what fools they are, has put to thousands of mothers, and she seems surprised that they all gave the same answer. Mrs. Perkins Gilman cannot know very much about human nature.

If "self-preservation is the law of nature," much more is the preservation of offspring an indelible instinct of motherhood. It is very fortunate for humanity that this is so. If mothers ever became so altruistic as to let cold reason govern their actions, the world would be in a bad way.

In fact, it would not be the world, as we know it, any longer. For, recollect, if reason were to conquer the parental instinct in one direction, it would be bound to do so in a great many others, and, eventually, in all. Reason is the best guide on many roads, but not on all. The feelings of a mother cannot be safely subjected to it.

Love is greater than logic, and a woman's love for her child is the most beautiful love in the world. To replace this by a wider, more universal feeling would be to substitute an abstraction for a warm, living reality. "Such wisdom is too wonderful and excellent for us; we cannot attain unto it."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Vicious people do not know what friendship means. It can only exist between those who strive after virtue.—*Cicero*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

YESTERDAY one of the most influential of living English Churchmen, Dr. Gore, was formally enthroned as the first Bishop of Birmingham. His appointment, amongst the laity at least, is a very popular one, although, amongst the clergy, certain of his doctrines are regarded with the hostility which ideas of any kind inevitably excite. Dr. Gore is an exceedingly thoughtful preacher, but not an orator. I often used to hear him at St. Mary's, Oxford, where he always draws an enormous congregation of undergraduates. He was slightly indistinct, not altogether at ease, restless, and trembling. Nevertheless, his matter, which that unfortunate manner marred, was enough to hold the audience.

Thin, with anxious lines in his face, and a subdued modesty of manner, Dr. Gore shows that he

has never been a great athlete. At Oxford, where he gained every kind of academic distinction, a comic thing once happened to him. He had just won his Trinity Fellowship, and was sitting one evening at work in a set of rooms which had always up till then been occupied by undergraduates. The captain of the boats came into the room, and, taking the new don for a freshman, asked him to "come down to the boats." "I'm afraid I can't," said Gore, quietly. "Nonsense," said the rowing-man, giving him a resounding clap on the back, "I'll soon lick you into shape." Then the captain suddenly realised his mistake, and rushed out of the room in confusion.

The Riviera appears to be the place to go to if you want to see the best acting and to hear the best music in the world. Herr Kubelik, now quite recovered from his recent illness, is on his way there to join the distinguished throng. I

suppose the police have made special arrangements for protecting him against the female admirers who make a point of trying to tear him to pieces with the object of getting a bit of him as a souvenir whenever he appears in public. The last time I heard him in London a terrible scene took place. The "fair" but bold enthusiasts waited outside the St. James's Hall for him. When he appeared they made a frantic rush at him. He only just had time to throw himself into his carriage. It was a narrow escape from death by admiration.

Amongst the latest to arrive at Monte Carlo, for what might be described as the gambling season, is the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, that very mediæval person, who may some day have the unenviable task of ruling over the most unmanageable empire in the world. Franz Ferdinand was brought up medically. He lived for the first twenty years of his life surrounded by priests, who taught him how to be devout without being respectable, how to crush out religious toleration, how to refer all things to the wisdom of the Church. All this did not prevent the young Archduke from behaving in so "eccentric" a manner as to astound even the sophisticated city of Vienna, and to necessitate his temporary banishment.

Certainly Franz Ferdinand played the maddest of pranks. Once, while riding through a little village near Vienna, he met a funeral procession. Instantly he stopped the hearse, ordered the coffin to be placed on the ground, and proceeded to leap over it five or six times, under the astonished noses of the villagers. The Emperor, his uncle, was so furious when he heard of the incident. After the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, Franz Ferdinand became heir to the Austro-Hungarian crown, and his uncle took him in hand in consequence. The priests were sent away, and soldiers and statesmen tried to undo the harm done. I am told that they succeeded fairly well.

The young Archduke improved rapidly. Having sown an exorbitant number of wild oats, he began to settle down, and the Austrian wisacres, diplomats, Ministers, and dowagers began to talk of marriage for him. But the Archduke determined to have his own way once more. He met at a certain shooting-party a beautiful young lady-in-waiting to the Archduchess Isabella, the wife of the Archduke Friedrich of Austria. Her name was the Countess Sophie Chotek. The Countess was very discreet. She resigned her post at Court, and refused to see the young man. But he persisted. Finally the old Emperor was badgered into acquiescence, and Sophie Chotek, under the title of the Princess Sophie von Hohenberg, married the future Emperor of Austria.

The Tariff Reform League appears to be convinced that the main hope for its cause is to be found in the younger generation. Now that Mr. Arthur Pearson has resigned the chairmanship, Lord Ridley, a younger man than he, is expected to be his successor. Lord Ridley is only just thirty. He gained his political experience under his father, when the late viscount was Home Secretary. But he is a man of much more energy and "go" than his father, who was inclined to regard politics as a tedious method of getting through the minutes of life. Lord Ridley is married to a witty and cultured woman, formerly the Hon. Rosamond Guest, a daughter of Lady Wimborne.

Sir Hubert Parry, who has composed the music which now accompanies Aristophanes' "Clouds" at Oxford, and is conducting it himself, is an exceedingly quick worker. He is always doing several things at a once, and doing all of them equally well. Often he is in a great hurry. Mr. Dannreuther, who was formerly his teacher, says that once Sir Hubert rushed into Macmillan's, in Bedford-street, to see Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Grove, and, opening the door of the shop, shouted out, "Is Mr. Gage disengaged?" a question which was not understood by the astonished people there.

This hurried musician's favourite occupation is yachting. "I sail," he says, "on the ocean some day," he always says, apropos of this amusement, and in fact he has had the most astonishing adventures. Once he went round the Isle of Wight in a mighty gale, and the skipper gruffly observed to him: "You ain't been drowned yet, but you've done your very best." On another occasion Sir Hubert capsized in a little canoe, two miles from land. This did not disturb him in the least. He calmly set to work to tow the boat ashore, taking an hour and a half over it, with the rope of the canoe between his teeth!

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 2.—Many gardeners live too much in the future. They are ever planting, pruning, planning—to enjoy present beauty in the garden does not occur to them.

This is especially the case at this rather sober season of the year. Let us think of what wait for Nature's golden spring and summer days, but hours should still be given up to the joys that are.

Where those beautiful bulbs, the scilla sibirica and the "glory of the snow," have been allowed to run riot the ground is now a sheet of blue. In a few days, at any rate, the present will be well worth living in, well worth spending a idle hour.

E. F. T.

HOW GENERAL STOESSEL HAS SHRUNK!



When he left Port Arthur General Stoessel was the biggest man in the world. To-day, as he goes round reporting himself in St. Petersburg, he is looked upon as the smallest creature that ever gained an undeserved reputation.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Selborne.

HE has worked hard and well at the Admiralty, and now he has accepted a post which is open to more criticism than any other. He is prepared to risk his reputation as High Commissioner in South Africa, the grave of so many reputations.

Still, he ought to do well there, for he has every qualification. To begin with, he works hard. In the second place he is a really clever man and a born administrator, and thirdly he has infinite tact and most delightful manners—a very important gift for his new position.

As he is unassuming and utterly devoid of "side," he does not attract much attention personally, and only twice while he was in the House of Commons did he draw universal attention. The first time was when he appeared on a hot summer day without a waistcoat, and the second when he took his accustomed seat after he had succeeded to his title and had become a peer.

But everyone liked him there. He is a "good fellow" and sympathetic.

In appearance he is just a good-looking—as distinct from handsome—Englishman of the clean and wholesome type. Of middle height, broad-shouldered, straight-backed, with plenty of colour, a brown moustache and a cheery smile, he is good to look upon.

When he is not hard at work on Navy matters he is a good example of a country gentleman and a thorough sportsman.

He used to play a very good game of cricket, still rides straight to hounds, and is very deadly with a rod. On the moors he is a joy to the keepers, for he is a fine shot. He is an active man, too, and the many people he has beaten at tennis say he plays a capital game.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Sun on Sea and Pines.

IT has blown and it has rained, and everything was grey; the sky was grey; everything was grey.

But to-day! Well, things are very different, for the sun is out again, and England has a Riviera of her own, if you know where to find it.

At the foot of high cliffs a lazy sea is rippling gently, twinkling in the sunlight, and blue as the Naples blue sky above. To right and left great white cliffs flash back the light, while their vivid whiteness makes the orange-tawny sand more brilliant still.

High on the top of the cliffs hang wild pine woods, their dark green almost black against the sky. What little breeze there is sighing through the branches from the land.

At the foot of the whispering pines, looking out across the sun-lit bay, it is peace indeed.

But for a trail of smoke from some great liner on her way down Channel beyond the horizon, and a little white sail, there is no sign of man. The only sound is the sigh of the pines and the faint rush of the laughing little waves far below.

All round on the edge of the wood, where the sun can reach them, there are snowdrops, daffodils, and the first primroses, while further back the ground is brown and green with pine-needles and bright emerald mosses.

And when you have basked your fill in the sun, make your way back first through the pines, and then through the rhododendron thickets to where the palm-buds are bursting into "March kittens" beside the banks of a little stream, and where every bird one knows is singing for the birth of spring.

TODAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED.

TO REPRESENT FRENCH BEAUTY.



This Parisian belle will have the unique honour of being officially recognised as a representative of French beauty. She has been elected as "Queen of Queens" from among the workgirls of Paris for the mid-Lenten festivals, and as such she will travel in state to Milan to represent France officially at the carnival there.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GIFT



Asked to help a bazaar held in aid of the funds of St. Clement's Parish Church, Hastings, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain sent this orchid, which will be sold to the highest bidder.

WALKING HONEYMOON.



Mr. George Schilling, who is walking round the world, has just been married at Newcastle.

MADAME STOESSEL MOTHERS



This is a touching illustration of the way in which Mme. Stoessel utters the utmost for the victims of the siege. In the centre of the photograph, Nicholas, she is seen on her way home from the front, where her children were killed during the fighting. Since the death of her children, she has been under the especial care of Mme. Stoessel, seen in photograph below.

STRIKING FEATURES OF THE GRAND CARNIVAL AT NICE.



King Carnival in his castle. In this grotesque building the ruler of the revels is seated on the throne from which he issues commands to his motley-dressed subjects.



Procession of giants announcing the opening of the carnival, which was one of the most magnificent ever held. Thousands of pounds were spent on the magnificent decorations.

PICTURES FROM ALL PARTS.

PORT ARTHUR ORPHANS.



The heroine of Port Arthur, is to the last doing her duty, which was taken on the Russian steamer St. Petersburg, surrounded by officers and children of the siege these poor orphans have been a bouquet.—(Jacques Guerin, Port Said.)

ITALIAN MURDER TRIAL.



Tullio Murri, who dramatically confessed to the Court that he had killed Count Bonmartini, his brother-in-law, in consequence of the Count's ill-treatment of the Countess, Tullio's sister.



Count Bonmartini, who, after a desperate struggle, was killed by his brother-in-law.

GENERAL BOOTH STARTS ON HIS 30,000-MILE TOUR



This photograph of General Booth, who, in his seventy-seventh year, has started for a tour through the Holy Land, Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon, was taken as he was leaving Victoria Station yesterday morning. Commissioner Nicol is on the right of the picture and Mr. Bramwell Booth on the left.

ST. JAMES'S PARK MILKMAIDS STILL DISSATISFIED.



This new shed has been built for the two "milkmaids" who were recently evicted from their stalls in St. James's Park. But they object to it, as it has only one public entrance, and they consider it inadequate compensation for the two stalls they have lost.



Countess Linda Bonmartini, who is accused of being concerned in the murder of her husband. Her brother, Tullio Murri, has now publicly confessed that he alone killed the Count, and so far as he can he has exonerated his sister from blame.



elaborate ever
owers.

A NAVAL GRUMBLE.

Sir John Fisher's Reforms Not
Universally Approved.

"LESSONS OF THE WAR."

"Praise No Man Until His Work is Done
and Its Effects are Clearly Visible."

Yesterday we indicated that Sir John Fisher's reforms are not by any means unanimously favoured among the higher officers of the Navy, and referred to the rumour that possibly Lord Selborne may be going to South Africa because he and the Senior Sea Lord are not in complete sympathy.

This article, from an exceptionally well-informed correspondent, explains what the feeling is among the dissentients with regard to the ships struck off the active service list.

"I'm glad I am out of it!"

That was the expressive answer of a well-known admiral who retired not many months ago to a friend—a captain in the service—who had asked his opinion of the Navy after four months of the Fisher regime.

The views of the captain, who holds a responsible position ashore, were equally emphatic and equally deprecatory.

Another admiral, not quite so well known, perhaps, but who is in command of a squadron on an important highway of trade, has, in private letters home, expressed his strong disapproval of the policy of wholesale naval reduction which Sir John Fisher has sprung upon the country. This policy, the admiral says, has left him with a force utterly useless for carrying out even the peace duties of his command.

Whether these officers represent the general opinion of the Navy I do not know. Most men naturally hesitate before openly expressing opinions likely to give offence to the person in whose hands their future lies.

WHAT "JACKY" FISHER HAS DONE.

No one doubts that Sir John Fisher is a clever man; but there are few men so clever that they could, within two months of receiving their mandate, reorganise the British Navy and confidently wipe seventeen million pounds' worth of ships off the Navy list as useless.

That is what Sir John Fisher has done. Since his appointment as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty last October he has reduced the Fleet by eleven battleships, fifty-three cruisers, and forty-five sloops and gunboats, composing a force more than sufficient to smash up the whole of Rojstevsky's fleet.

Let it be admitted at once that the Navy is well rid of many of these vessels. Such ships as the Hector, built in 1864; the Raleigh, 1873; and the Northampton, 1875, served no other useful purpose than that of deceiving the public as to the real strength of the Fleet.

When the average man in the street reads of the

battleship Dominion and the battleship Hector he naturally takes them to be of more or less equal value. As a matter of fact, one Dominion, given the requisite time, could comfortably account for an indefinite number of Hectors.

In recent years it has been customary to assume that an armoured ship becomes obsolete in twenty-two years and smaller vessels in fifteen. On this basis the following ships, discarded by Sir John Fisher as useless, would be of value to the country for many years to come:—

Armoured ships	12	Cost	45,285,362
Smaller cruisers and gunboats	30	"	3,539,377
	42		48,824,739

What excuse is urged in support of this throwing over of nine million pounds' worth of fighting material? "The lessons of the war," is the usual reply. Its only effectiveness lies in its utter lack of definition.

What are the "lessons of the war"? There has only been one, and it is that the best man wins. What other deduction can reasonably be made from a conflict in which a Power possessing a fleet only half as strong numerically as that of its enemy punishes that enemy as Japan has punished Russia?

The other "lessons" that are being learnt from the present war will be rudely upset the first time that seamen of equal training and equal pluck face each other.

Admiral Fisher is a splendid naval officer and a very bold reformer; but when a bold man is appointed to a responsible position in the Empire it is as well to reserve praise until the results of his administration are visible.

The excessive glorification which the country heaped on Sir John Fisher was bound to have its effect.

Some of the new reforms are doubtless very admirable, but the Navy is by no means unanimous in welcoming them.

And there are men commanding afloat quite as good as any that ever went to Whitehall.

WHAT THE PRESS THINKS.

Views on Lord Selborne as High Commissioner for South Africa.

To make this eleventh-hour appointment of a party hack is a discreditable trick.—"Daily News."

An admirable choice. Our countrymen in South Africa will feel that once again we have given them of our best.—"Times."

We know of no man whom the Government could have found better qualified to undertake the task.—"Daily Express."

We cannot think that the Government's choice of a successor to Lord Milner is altogether a wise one.—"Daily Chronicle."

In him South Africans will find an administrator of the highest competence, a man of large ideals and lofty patriotism.—"Daily Mail."

His qualification for the post lies in the somewhat irrelevant fact that he son-in-law to the late, and cousin to the present, Premier.—"Echo."

If knowledge, experience, good sense, and honour can bring success, then we may look forward to Lord Selborne's tenure of office in South Africa with utter confidence.—"St. James's Gazette."

If Lord Selborne is willing to work on the lines which, with the advent of a Liberal Government to power, must declare themselves in South Africa, there is no objection to make to his appointment.—"Westminster Gazette."

Manner counts for a great deal in South Africa, and it would be difficult to find in English public life any man who has a larger stock of tact, good temper, and genuine kindness than the new Pro-Consul.—"Daily Graphic."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

AN IRVING TESTIMONIAL.

I was pleased to see the letter in your issue of the 28th ult., signed by a dramatist.

It is about a quarter of a century since I first saw Sir Henry in "Richard III." It made so great an impression on me that I can recall most of it now.

I would suggest that we start a shilling fund for the purchase of the Lyceum. It has been done for a cricketer, why not for an actor?

Kettering. ALFRED PATRICK.

MOTOR-MAN OR CONTROLLER?

I would suggest that the driver of a motor should be known as the motor-man. We are well used to kindred terms, in "coachman," "cabman," "bootman," etc., or, if preferred, he could be known as the "controller."

Chauffeur Anglicised degenerates mostly into "shover." A. JONES.

High Holborn.

TOO MANY ACROBATS.

I quite agree with an Empire shareholder's views as to there being too many acrobats at variety theatres.

I went to one the other evening, and it was nearly all acrobats. The majority of people like a good song, or a song and dance. Where have all our Irish comedians got to? E. H. SMITH.

East Ham.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AND THE LYCEUM CLUB.

You refer to Miss Ellen Terry not having been elected to the Lyceum Club on the ground that she has written nothing. This is not true. To the now defunct "New Review" Miss Terry contributed three excellent autobiographical articles, most breezily written, entitled "Stray Memories." The year, I think, was 1890. J. LANGLEY LEVY.

16, Lord-street, Liverpool.

PRISONERS' HAIR.

I was very much interested in your picture of the young woman who under remand had her hair cut off by the police.

Why did they cut it off? There is a constant and a profitable market for hair.

Can there be any connection between the facts? What becomes of hair that is cut off in prison? Victoria-street, S.W. SIGMA.

WAS STOESSSEL TO BLAME?

The "Times" may blame General Stoessel for surrendering, but everyone who knows the facts is convinced that he did right.

He could not keep up the spirit of the defenders as General Kondrachev did (the General killed by a shell on December 18). He knew he was simply causing unnecessary slaughter.

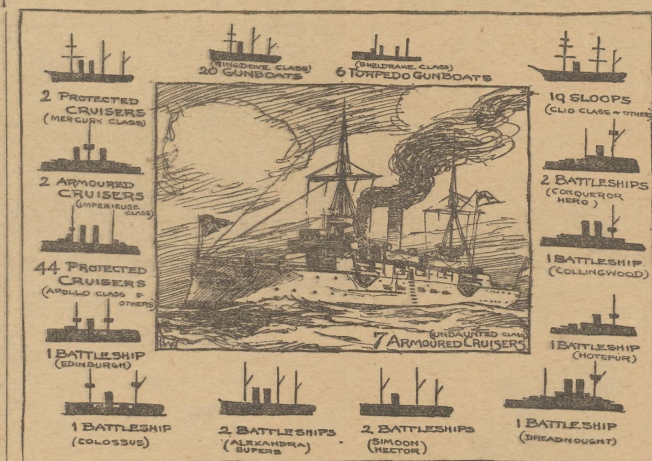
Further, the sanitary state of the place was appalling. I am sure General Stoessel ought not to be blamed. ATTACHE.

Naval and Military Club.

CORELESS APPLES.

If any correspondent, desirous of obtaining trees of above, will communicate with me I will send details. SAMPSON MORGAN.

8, Richborough-villas, Broadstairs.



This shows at a glance the numbers and types of the vessels which Sir John Fisher has struck off the Navy List as useless. See article above.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream.

—Tennyson.

A fortnight later Joan Tempest stood on the terrace of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Below her the incessant sharp, quick reports of the guns of the pigeon-slaughters rang out. She was not looking down, because she hated to see the pretty birds fall forlorn little heaps of tumbled feathers. Her eyes were fixed on the far horizon, where the deep blue Mediterranean met the pale blue sky. It was a perfect day; the air was clear as crystal, and the sun shone brightly; but it was not by any means warm, and every now and then the girl stamped her feet on the gravel and wished that she might start out for a long, strapping walk, and feel the blood tingling in her veins, instead of standing here, waiting for her mother, with nothing particular to do.

But she was afraid to move. She felt rather lost. She did not know her way about, and she did not speak French, and she was afraid of missing Vanna, even if she took a turn in the lovely gardens.

They had arrived two days ago. It was all very wonderful and beautiful and novel, and Joan loved the sapphire sea, and the hills, and the sunshine. She thought it was the loveliest place she had ever seen, although people told her that it would be far more lovely in a few weeks, when the

flower-time came and the orange and lemon groves were fragrant with white blossom, and the hill-sides were carpeted with violets and anemones, and the lizards darted about in the hot sun.

She thought it lovely, but somehow it did not satisfy her. There was something gaudy and artificial about it all; the glare of the white houses hurt her eyes; there was no peace, no rest; the very beauties of nature seemed to be perverted by the atmosphere of the gaming-house.

Her mother was in there now. Yesterday Joan had accompanied her. She looked odd for her age, and they had let her in. For a little while it had interested her—all the people crowding round her green table, eager to stake their money on the spinning of the little white ball. But very soon she had tired. Her mother had given her a louis to play with, and she had staked it in four five-franc pieces, and they had all been raked in by the croupier one after the other.

Then she had had to stand while Vanna played. People hushed her and peered at her face; the atmosphere was stifling, and, by the time her mother had finished, she had a splitting headache and was tired to death.

Vanna had been extremely lucky; and, to-day, when she had returned to the Rooms after luncheon, Joan had begged to be left outside. So her mother had plucked her on the terrace, and told her that she could watch the people and the pigeons shooting, and that she would come and fetch her to have tea; but, if she found it too cold, she must go back to the hotel.

There were not many people about, and they were not at all interesting. Some of the men looked at her in a queer way that she did not like. She did not know why a beautiful and uncommon picture she made with her grave face and wonderful eyes, under the drooping plumes of her white hat, leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, with her hands thrust into the pockets of her long, rough white coat.

She had hardly realised yet that she was here. It had all been so sudden, so incomprehensible, so mysterious. One morning—she remembered that it was the morning after she had dined and spent the evening with Lady Constance Gore—her mother had abruptly announced that she was going to take her to the south of France.

Her first feeling had been one of horror and despair, for it had meant to her but one thing—that she was being taken away from the place where Anthony Heron was.

But then, one after another, in such quick succession that to try to comprehend them was impossible, a number of things happened, each one of which was more extraordinary and mystifying than the last.

To begin with, the girl saw that a change took place in Lady Betty. It was not that she was any less kind, any less tender to the girl herself, or even that her manner towards the girl's mother was really any different; but Joan saw clearly that Vanna had done something to offend their good and generous friend. Lady Betty said nothing whatever about the proposed journey to the south; she neither expressed approval nor disapproval; she simply shut her lips tight when it was mentioned, and went about making her preparations for her departure to Egypt.

Before she left another extraordinary thing happened. She gave a small dinner-party, and Anthony Heron was one of the guests. That disposed of the idea that had crept into the girl's mind that perhaps Lady Betty was angry with her mother for going out to lunch with him and treating him as a friend again, after those terrible scenes, and that hurried flight from Paris, and the long, long summer days of exile in Italy.

Vanna had not said much to her daughter on this subject; but she had made herself quite clear.

"Joan," she had said, on the night of this dinner-party, "I want to tell you, I have been thinking matters over, and—there is no reason why Mr.

Heron should not be our friend. We have forgotten everything—all of us. You know how to behave. I can trust you; you were splendid that day when he called."

Joan had seen him for a few moments alone that night, the first time since they parted in the woods at Perivale. He had managed to separate her from the others, while the bridge tables were being arranged, and he had led her across the landing into the boudoir-den.

"What does all this mean?" she had asked him, a piteous appeal mingling with the beautiful love-light in her eyes. "Why are you here to-night? And why are they taking me away?"

"They are not taking you away, my Blue Eyes," he had answered. "At least, not from me. Don't puzzle your little head. All this need not have any meaning for you. Indeed, it can't have any, for have I not always said that only the truth can be where you are? I don't want you to think anything about it, or know anything. And I am coming to the south of France, and I shall see you there, and then, when well, I shall not allow anyone to take you from me again."

And then he had taken her in his arms and kissed her, and she had felt perfectly satisfied, for she had perfect trust in him, and what did anything matter since they were not to be separated?

Lady Betty left London for Cairo a week before they did; and then, to Joan's intense surprise, there was no talk of going back to Little Brady. Indeed, all their things were sent for, and they moved from Green-street into an enormous hotel overlooking the river.

Then followed a week of almost incessant shopping; and the girl's wonder and bewilderment increased every day, when she saw her mother ordering costly gowns and buying smart hats, and all manner of lovely trifles, just as in the old Paris days, before they lost their money. Clothes

(Continued on page 11.)

TRUTH AT LAST.

Oscar Wilde's Repentance Not a Flash in the Pan.

HIS LAST DAYS.

Pathetic Picture of the Fallen Genius Oppressed by Bitter Memories.

Gradually the true and pathetic story of Oscar Wilde's last days is coming out.

The publication of the book he composed in prison—the book in which he wrote his repentance large for all the world to know—has unlocked several pens. The heartless theory that his humility was merely a pose, and that his life, after he had been released, gave the lie to what he had written in such touching words, has been shown to be false, malicious, wicked.

It is a picture of pitiful import that we have of a "lord of language," as he rightly called himself, unable to follow his occupation of "writing beautiful phrases" because whenever he sat down quietly to write his mind was disturbed by recollections of the past, and his brain refused to do anything but dwell upon the opportunities he had thrown away.

But it is not a picture which in any way suggests hypocrisy, or any departure from the mental attitude which he described in his book.

A DREAM WHICH NEVER CAME TRUE.

At the end of "De Profundis" ("Out of the Depths") he said:—

Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer; but Nature, whose sweet ruins fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed.

She will hang the night with stars, so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my foot-prints so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

Alas! his dream was never to come true. He found he could not bear solitude. Thoughts pressed too hard upon him. His spirits sank; his vital energies were paralysed. He could only find relief from the painful workings of his mind by "watching life."

By far the best articles that have ever appeared on his life after release are now being published in the "St. James's Gazette." The writer was a close personal friend, one of the two who paid for his funeral, in fact. He disposes entirely of the idea that Wilde had a miserable, sordid, poverty-stricken life in Paris.

He had an income of £400 a year and numbers of friends. He talked better than ever after his two years' seclusion from the world. "His con-

versation was richer, more human, and generally on a higher intellectual level."

On the whole, he was fairly happy during the last years of his life.

He had an extraordinarily buoyant and happy temperament, a splendid sense of humour, and an unrivalled faculty for enjoyment of the present. Of course, he had his bad moments, moments of depression and sense of loss and defeat, but they were not of long duration.

He said he could not write, because, whenever he strove to compose his mind, his thoughts turned to his past, and he became wretched and downcast. He could keep his spirits up only by excluding memories of what had been, by becoming merely an observer of the spectacle of existence.

The writer of the article, however, thinks that he would have written if he had been more in the swim of the world of art and letters. He missed the inspiration of a sympathetic audience, and he deplored especially "the absence of the smart and pretty women, who, in the old days, sat at his feet."

AN UNCONSCIOUS CATHOLIC.

By the way, the reception of this wayward genius into the Roman Catholic Church is explained to have been merely a reading of the service over his unconscious body. He died without knowing anything about it.

While he was in prison, however, he gave full proof of his Christian feelings, even if he was not formally a member of any Christian church.

He took, says one of his warders, who has been contributing to the London "Evening News" some reminiscences of him, "a most sympathetic interest in the sorrows and troubles of other prisoners, and commented fiercely on what he called the brutality of the prison system when a warder was dismissed for putting biscuits in the cell of a young prisoner whom Wilde believed to have been crying from hunger."

He made friends of the warders, too, and did them many little kindnesses. He made no complaint of their discharge of their harsh duties towards him. He knew they were simply instruments of the system.

When his hair had to be cut he felt the indignity very keenly. "You don't know what it means to me," he cried piteously. It was the crowning symbol of his shame. Yet he showed no resentment whatever against the warder who had to cut it.

A TRAGIC PARTING.

There was a very sad scene in Reading Gaol when Mrs. Wilde went there with her solicitor to take Mrs. Wilde's last wishes, and the divorce suit which her friends forced her to bring against him.

She did not wish her husband to see her, but, while the solicitor was with him, she was gripped by an overwhelming desire to look for the last time on the face of the man she had loved, the father of her children.

She gazed through a grating into the cell, rested her eyes, still shining with deep affection and pity, on his altered face, and then drew back, sobbing bitterly.

Pitiful, too, is the story of the spider which a warder disturbed in cleaning his cell and killed with his foot.

"It brings bad luck to kill a spider," said Wilde in a moment of superstition. "I shall hear worse news than any I have heard yet."

Next day it was broken to him that his mother, whom he had deeply loved and honoured, had died, and that his disgrace had hastened her end.

Since that day at Perivale, when, in the rapture of her reunion with him, she had given herself to be a slave to his will, she had experienced no single pang of regret; she had harboured no thought that had not crowned him king of her whole existence. She had made no half-hearted surrender. She was ready to face her mother, her friends, the whole world, when the time came, with her head proudly reared, glorying in the wonder that he had chosen her. Deception, though foreign to her nature, was a necessity. He said so—she reasoned no further.

She did not think far ahead. Of what actually was to be the outcome of this secret understanding she had no idea. It was enough for her that she would see him soon, and hear his voice, and feel that he was near to guard and protect her; then this beautiful, sunny, glaring place would be Paradise indeed.

She waited a long time, leaning motionless on the balustrade. It was really cold. The sun had dropped behind the great jutting promontory; the terrace was all but deserted.

Joan roused herself with a shiver. She would not wait any longer; she would go back to the hotel. She supposed her mother was waiting; the ball was spinning in her favour and filling her purse with gold.

She turned, and then a great wave of crimson dyed her cheeks, and she ran forward a few steps, and then stopped dead, because the beating of her heart bid fair to stifle her with joy. Anthony Heron was coming down the steps towards her.

He reached her in a moment, with his swift, eager stride. He clasped her hands, and his eyes swept her face with a look that was a rapturous embrace.

"I didn't know you were coming to-day," she faltered.

"Neither did I," he answered, and laughed from sheer delight. "I didn't think I should be able to get away so soon."

GERMAN ARMY SCANDALS.

Useless To Attempt To Defy Prussian Aristocratic Prejudice.

Not long ago a young Count Finkenstein, an officer in the Emperor's Cavalry Guards, fell in love with a beautiful and intelligent Jewish girl, and married her against his family's wishes.

The family did all it could to induce society to "cut" the young pair, and also stopped supplies of money. Consequently the Count and Countess were soon in great difficulties, and when the poor girl died, her husband declared that she had been persecuted to death by his aristocratic relations.

This brought him into conflict with his regimental "code of honour," and he had to leave the army. Now he lies dead at Konigsberg, with a bullet in his heart. He has just shot himself upon his unhappy young bride's grave.

Another young Count who loved a girl out of his own station in life has behaved more sensibly. He has made no attempt to defy the ridiculous public opinion which prevails in Prussia. He has simply disappeared.

At the same time, a pretty little milliner disappeared also. They have made a fresh start in life together somewhere—no one quite knows where.

The Count's regiment has asked the police all over Germany to try and find the missing man, but so far the search has had no success.

FRENCH CRITIC ON "MR. HOPKINSON."

A very enthusiastic criticism of Mr. Carton's new play, "Mr. Hopkinson," now drawing crowded houses to the Avenue Theatre, is given in the Paris "Figaro."

It is called "a masterpiece of wit." Any lack of originality in the plot, says the critic, is made up for by the dialogue, sparkling with life and

MISS GERTRUDE HENRIQUES,



Who has been playing Miss Annie Hughes's part in "Mr. Hopkinson," and made quite a hit.

movement, and the character drawing, cruelly true to reality.

Not since Mr. Henry Arthur Jones wrote "The Liars" has there been anything produced on the London stage comparable to this social satire, which is also a faithful picture of a section of actual English society."

"How did you know I was here?" she asked, with her beautiful, shy, worshipping gaze.

"I inquired at your hotel," he answered. "They told me Madame and Mademoiselle were both out. There is only one place in Monte Carlo. I somehow didn't think you'd be inside. But," he added, his face darkening a little, "your mother ought not to allow you to stay out here alone."

"She is playing," Joan said. "She said she would come to fetch me to have some tea; but I suppose she is winning. It doesn't matter."

"Of course, it doesn't matter," he exclaimed, with his charming, boyish smile. "Nothing matters but the fact that I have found you again, my Blue Eyes. Come and look at the sea—it's not nearly as blue as your eyes, is it?"

So they went back and leaned against the balustrade. The girl gave a deep sigh.

"How beautiful it is!" she murmured.

"More beautiful than the moonlight on the park at Perivale?" he asked, with mock jealousy.

"No—just the same."

He took possession of one of her hands; the terrace was now absolutely deserted; the cold had driven everybody in to watch the spinning ball.

"I want to speak to you very seriously, my Blue Eyes," the man said.

"Not now," she pleaded, with a sudden awakening of the eternal woman's desire to snatch the moment and make it into an age, when the moment is a happy one.

"We may not have many opportunities," he insisted. "You see, your mother—well, I have to deceive her. I can't help it, or she would take you away from me, and that I will not stand. I could not bear it." Suddenly his voice sank and took a note of intense and passionate gravity. "If I could only be sure!" he murmured.

"Sure of what?" she asked wonderingly.

"Of you."

IS BEAUTY ONLY SKIN DEEP?—II.

(The first article of this series appeared in the "Daily Mirror" on February 23 last.)

The opening of this much-vexed question: "Is beauty only skin-deep?" has aroused so much interest and brought in so much correspondence that we feel justified in carrying the discussion further. Many readers of the *Daily Mirror* have written to the Antexema Company raising various points and offering suggestions, but most have lost sight of the fact that such a subject can hardly be treated in one short article. The two main points seem to have escaped attention:—

1. Beauty requires cultivation.
2. It is not when beauty begins to show signs of decay that active measures should be taken.

In other words,

FOOD FOR THE SKIN

is as necessary as nutriment for other parts of the body, and the curative method is only necessary when the tissues do not perform their natural functions.

The whole subject is only one of plain common sense. The skin requires as much, if not more, care as the hair, the teeth, or any other portion of the body.

It is a popular fallacy that any one person has "SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SKIN."

Obviously one constitution is better than another, and the healthier constitution, naturally, has a healthier skin, but it is equally obvious that the less healthily constituted subject must, perforce, give more care to the treatment of the skin.

In the previous article we specified the various CAUSES OF SKIN TROUBLE.

For the benefit of the many readers who have put their specific cases before us we propose dealing with each heading in a rapid, succinct, everyday way, and without scientific terms. This series of article should be cut out and pasted in a scrap book, as the information given is exceedingly useful and may be depended upon.

1. Skin Troubles Caused by Excessive Oily Secretion.

If the skin presents a greasy, muddy appearance and the oil glands are blocked with blackheads, this indicates an excessive formation of fat. The treatment should consist in the free use of hot, soft, or rain water and "Antexema Soap." This will keep down and wash away the excessive oil. The diet and general mode of life should be at the same time so adjusted that the fat-forming ingredients of food, which are normally intended for keeping up the heat and vitality of the body, may be used up before they reach the surface. The principal troubles caused by excessive secretion of oil are Acne and Facial Blemishes, and for either of these skin ailments "Antexema" is a remedy of priceless value.

2. Skin Troubles Caused by Deficient Oily Secretion.

If the skin is very delicate, sensitive, easily broken, and exceedingly liable to chaps and roughness, this indicates an absence of fat in the cuticle. A deficiency of natural oil is generally followed, sooner or later, by coarseness, redness, roughness, a dirty or neglected looking appearance, chapped or cracked skin, and is also a usual starting point of eczema. If such skin troubles appear, "Antexema" should at once be applied with a view of removing the inflammation and of preventing it from spreading.

It is important that the soap used should be the purest, and for troubles of this type nothing can compare with "Antexema Soap," which possesses the scent and refreshing influence of the pine forest. "Antexema" should be applied both before washing and after carefully drying the face. Only tepid water should be used, and rain water is indispensable for the best results. As to diet, the sufferer should live well, care being taken, however, not to upset the digestion. Rich milk, cream, sardines, cod liver oil, extract of malt, etc., may be taken as freely as possible, while alcohol in any form should be avoided.

The remaining causes of skin trouble will be treated in our next article.

A VERY VALUABLE HINT.

Always keep a bottle of "Antexema" by you. Travellers should invariably carry a bottle of "Antexema" in their travelling bag or dressing-case, as it will save many a minute from discomfort, and will be found useful in innumerable other directions. For all the purposes for which cold cream is used, "Antexema" will be found far more satisfactory; roughness, chafing, and irritability of the skin is immediately removed by its use. Many emollients such as cold cream are used merely to cool and soothe, but are not curative. "Antexema" is superior to all such preparations even for its refreshing and soothing properties, but in addition it heals and cures. Hence its peculiar value. "Antexema" may be freely applied to the delicate skin of the youngest infant with perfect certainty that it cannot harm and will heal. Many gentlemen, too, use "Antexema" after shaving, and find it peculiarly soothing to the skin. Remember, please, that "Antexema" is beneficial in all skin troubles, and in letter after letter the writers having proved its value say they will never be without a bottle. Don't wait until you are actually needing "Antexema." You may want it any moment; therefore always have it close at hand.

Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send for free sample, naming *Daily Mirror*, and enclosing three penny stamps covering postage, packing, etc., also a valuable Treatise on Skin Troubles, and 200 Testimonials from persons cured. Write immediately to "Antexema," 89, Castle Road, London, N.W.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

were also bought for Joan herself, simple, but charming things, like she had worn before.

Again a short but perfectly clear explanation was volunteered to her.

"Things have altered, Joan," her mother said. "We can live properly again. Thank Heaven for it! I should have gone mad if I had had to pig it in the wilds any more. My—business affairs are all right again."

"Then the money was not lost?" Joan had asked.

"No—that is—well, the things are all right that they thought were not," Vanna had said vaguely, but with decision.

When the shopping was finished, they had come down to Monte Carlo on the train de luxe, and on the way down Vanna had informed her daughter that Mr. Heron was also coming to Monte Carlo, in a few days, and that, while she did not want her actually to avoid him, she thought it would be perhaps wiser, and make things less awkward, if the girl would keep as much as possible out of his way.

So had Vanna Tempest spoken out of her blindness, seeing only what she wanted to see, ignoring the truth, walking with firm steps along the path that Fate had designed for her feet from the beginning of time.

And now Joan waited for her mother on the terrace of the Casino, with her eyes fixed on the far horizon, with no thought for the pigeon-shooters, or the white yachts in the harbour, or the castle on the rock, or the feverish crowd in the stifling gaming-rooms; and, though her mind was perplexed and bewildered, and her life seemed to have been turned into a strange channel, still nothing really mattered, since the man she loved was coming, and he had said that all would be well.

(Continued on page 13.)

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Write at once, giving full particulars and mentioning this paper, to

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Cut this out, read it again, and hand it to any friend to whom it may be of interest.



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DOUGLAS FREDERICK PERRIN

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BELINDA MADE BEAUTIFUL FOR HER FIRST LONDON SEASON.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

ELEGANT HANDS AN ASSET OF WOMAN'S CHARM.

Part V.

"Julia," said Belinda, "I am going to have my first lesson in manure this morning. Would you like to see Mrs. Templer perform on my inelegant hands?"

"I must confess that Belinda's hands were very much neglected," said Mrs. Templer, "and I have made her sleep in large chamois leather gloves smeared with a cold cream made by shredding a quarter of an ounce of white wax with one ounce of almond oil. When this is melted, add drop by drop one ounce of rosewater, and beat it for fifteen minutes with a fork."

"And you must admit my hands are much whiter than they used to be," said Belinda. "By and by, I shall be quite proud of them, and shall borrow mother's diamond rings in order to show off my taper-white fingers."

Preparations for the Task.

On the fascination and charm of beautiful white hands Mrs. Templer waxed eloquent. She noticed that Belinda, whose hands and nails showed distinct signs of neglect, was rather inclined to underrate the value of manure.

"Even a plain woman who possesses beautiful hands possesses a potent charm," said Mrs. Templer, who was busy preparing a bowl of warm water in which she dissolved half a cake of olive soap, a teaspoonful of borax, and another teaspoonful of eau de Cologne. "She who understands the true art of gesture has thoroughly learned that of fascination, and uses her exquisitely manicured hands as she speaks with as much effect as another woman does her fine eyes, or her bewitching smile. And now, Belinda, I wish you to soak both hands in this bowl of water for ten minutes."

Washed with Invisible Soap.

Belinda obediently complied, and at the end of ten minutes obeyed Mrs. Templer's further directions by gently rubbing one hand against the other in the manner commonly known as washing them with "invisible soap."

"A friend of mine who has most beautiful hands never uses any nail-brushes, or, in fact, anything else but her own fingers, to rub her hands white in the water, and she considers that in doing this she employs an invaluable form of hand massage," resumed Mrs. Templer, taking first one and then the other of Belinda's hands and wiping them gently, but thoroughly, on a soft towel. "And now, Belinda, lay your right hand on this cushion and carefully notice every detail of the operation."

Instruments of the Manicurist.

On a table lay a pair of slender, curved scissors, some small fine emery boards, a bundle of orange-wood sticks, a small brush, a pad covered with chamois leather, a box of polishing powder, and a jar of white vaseline.

"Your nails are so long that I am obliged to cut them," said Mrs. Templer, taking up the pair of curved scissors. "You will see that as far as possible I follow the outline of the finger-tip. French women prefer to cut their nails to a sharp point in the centre with a view to taking away any broadness of the finger-tip, but, as a rule, Englishwomen like to keep the nail round. Now, having cut the nail, I proceed to file it down a little at the sides in order to make it trim and neat."

The Half-Moons Appear.

"The skin persists in growing over the half-moons," said Belinda apologetically, as Mrs. Templer took a small ivory nail trimmer with a somewhat pointed end and began to loosen the cuticle at the base of the nail.

"That is because you do not push it down every day," replied Mrs. Templer, next taking an orange stick, dipping it into vaseline, and still further loosening the cuticle. "I want you to remember to use a piece of lemon each time you wash your hands, and to apply it specially to the cuticle. You will see that this will have the effect of preventing the skin from growing over the nail, and you can further improve it by always pushing it down with the towel as you dry your hands."

"Certainly my nails begin to look a better shape," said Belinda, watching Mrs. Templer as

she applied a little white vaseline to the nails and then rubbed it off with a piece of tissue paper.

"Your nails are so brittle that I am compelled to use a little grease," remarked Mrs. Templer, next taking a little of the polishing powder from the box and applying it on the nails by means of the small brush. "This nail powder simply consists of pure oxide of tin tinted with carmine, and is the best kind of polisher even for tortoiseshell and every form of horn."

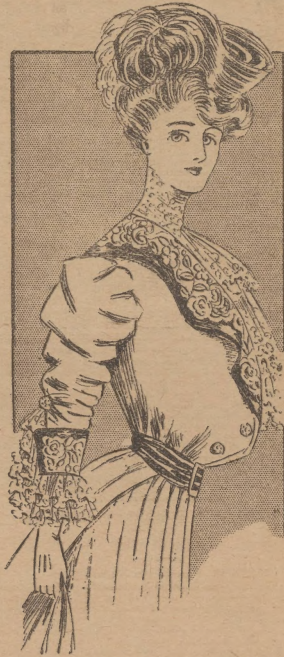
"I suppose an ordinary piece of leather would answer for polishing?" asked Belinda as Mrs. Templer began to rub the nail smoothly and firmly with the chamois-covered pad.

Palm Polish for the Nails.

"Yes; and I have even seen people use the palms of their hands to polish the nails," replied Mrs. Templer. "But now, Belinda, I must just wash off the superfluous powder from beneath your nails and use this orange stick for the like purpose, and then one final polish and your nails are done."

"They do look beautiful," said Belinda, gazing with admiration at the pink-tipped, polished nails. "I really feel that I shall have to make finger cases of kid to keep them from getting soiled."

"Well, I certainly know women who always wear loose, white gloves in the house, even during the daytime, in order to preserve the whiteness of their hands," said Mrs. Templer, "and for the



The dress shown above is made of cashmere of the new blue called "turquoise morte," with coarse ivory lace outlined with velvet upon the collar and cuffs.

next three months, Belinda, I wish you to wear gloves as much as possible."

"But must I give up gardening, and any kind of exercise I like, just to keep my hands white?" asked Belinda plaintively.

"No, but you must smear your hands over with white vaseline, or cold cream, before you don your gloves," said Mrs. Templer, "and then that will prevent the grime from penetrating into the pores."

(To be continued. The previous articles of this group appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of February 1, 7, 17, and 24.)

NEW WALL-PAPERS.

THE REIGN OF THE WHITEWASHER BEGINS.

The panelled effects seem to be holding their own this spring, both in patterned and plain papers, and pretty borders are sold to outline the panels, among which a rose-and-ribbon effect is much admired. The corners are arranged in separate pieces, which makes the panel a prettier shape than when it is only outlined with the running border.

Striped papers are seen in endless variety, and are made in stripes varying in width from a quarter of an inch to 5in. or 6in. Some of the 2in. stripes are made in very beautiful colours, and will not be found at all expensive. They are usually representative of two shades of one colour, and some have a more or watered effect upon them.

Tapestry and chintz papers of every description are offered to those who like their wall-papers and



Illustrated here is a gown of lime-green supple cloth, with dove and white velvet to trim it, and filigree gold buttons.

their furniture coverings to match. Then there are the leather papers to remember, for although they are merely imitations they are really beautiful. In soft bronze effects, with a sheen of gold running through them, they make very handsome dining-room wall coverings, and are very well suited to rooms with panelled walls, such as libraries, and also to halls, especially when hung with armour or trophies of the chase.

Among the inexpensive bedroom papers there are, as usual, some very pretty floral designs showing blossoms like the poppy, clematis, or thistle. It is impossible to be too careful in making a choice of papers. What is pretty in a roll may be unsatisfactory on the wall, and, therefore, the greatest wisdom should regulate the choice. Re-

terrace. She hurried out, and, descending the steps, she saw a man and a girl leaning on the balustrade overlooking the sea. The girl was dressed in white, and yet she stood out darkly against the pale clarity of the twilight; the man was an inky silhouette. Vanna knew him at once. And something in their attitude, in the droop of the girl's head, and the way the man bent down to her, sent a pang through the watcher that was like a knife turning in her heart.

A great wave of blinding rage surged over her, and then receded, leaving her white as death, and a terrible cold came into her face. It was no longer the blind passion of her fierce outbursts of temper that she felt. It was as if her whole nature were suddenly twisted, and a force cold, calculating, cruel as death, took possession of her heart.

(To be continued.)

member the aspect of the room, the woodwork, the furniture to be used, the rugs, and, above all, the use for which the room is intended. Colour is an important factor in adding to or diminishing space, and in making a room seem dark or light.

Most people find a green room restful, a red one stimulating, a cold blue one depressing, and a yellow one cheerful. It is therefore important to choose the right colour for wall-papers that are well designed. One tone should predominate where the rooms open out of each other, or a most disagreeably kaleidoscopic effect is obtained.

HARROGATE AT HOME.

It will be good news to many to know that they can "take the waters" at home.

It is well-known that the waters of, for instance, Carlisle, Buxton, or Harrogate cannot be transported, as after a short time they deteriorate and produce no results, but the problem has been solved by the production of a water by natural chemistry which contains all the properties possessed by Spa waters in their natural state, and it is itself a pure, unadulterated product of nature.

The medical papers have been commenting on a remarkable discovery made by Professor Noel while engaged in geological researches.

The subject of the discovery has been named Vitæ-Ore, and, judging from the extraordinary interest taken in it, the find is one of considerable importance.

The ore called for short "V.O.," when taken from the mine is a hard, black, magnetic rock, which oxidises when exposed to the air. After seven or eight years of exposure the ore becomes a dry, ash-coloured powder, 20 per cent. of which is soluble in water, and possesses marvellous medicinal qualities.

The Vitæ-Ore Company, Limited, of 29, Ludgate-hill, have such supreme confidence in this new discovery that they are prepared to send a 4s. 6d. packet post free to any reader of the *Daily Mirror*, on condition that the recipient pays for it within five weeks if he or she derives any benefit from the tonic. The packet makes one quart of water. The conditions are so fair and generous as to commend themselves to all readers. We do not pledge ourselves for all that is claimed for V.O., but the bona-fides of the company and the fulfilment of their offer is beyond question. The fact that it is a natural product and not in any sense a manufactured mixture will appeal to many.

THE BIG FLAT-IRON IDEA.

On a triangular plot of ground in the very heart of New York City stands the most extraordinary piece of architecture in the world. The triangle is not equal in measurement on all three sides, but is shaped something like a flat-iron, and so the structure, before it was finished, came to be known as "The Flat-Iron Building." It is 23 storeys, or about 210 feet high, built of stone and iron, and the nose of the flat-iron points to the North, exactly where Fifth Avenue and Broadway cross each other at an acute angle.

It is idle to call the building pretty, or to try to admire it. It simply astounds people; shocks some of them. It towers over all other buildings near it, and when a strong wind blows from the West, the gale whirls around the angles of this building with such accumulated violence as to upset passing wagons and blow in the plate-glass windows of the other ordinary shops and shops. Stabwatt policemen are always on duty there to help people, especially the ladies, who get caught in this whirlwind, and to make the fellows who admire smart lace and hosiery "Move on, please!"

Mrs. Emma Mole, a laundry keeper, living at 32, Latimer Road, London, W., said: "I felt as if a great load—a flat-iron I called it, for my husband—had been lifted from my chest, and I was free and active again!" This phrase shows how one's business influences their ideas and forms of thought. She was describing in a letter, dated October 27, 1904, the miseries she had endured for many years from chronic bronchitis, muscular rheumatism, indigestion, headaches, drowsiness, and all the other ordinary ailments that come from "stomach troubles." She had had doctors and took various medicines and used liniments and embrocations, including some mustard oil brought from India—but all to no avail.

At last she read, in a little pamphlet, about Mother Seigel's Syrup, "and I have never ceased to bless that day," she says in the same letter. The first bottle gave her relief, and a few more cured her completely, and she has never been troubled with aches or pains since. That is why she told her husband what she did about the flat-iron idea.

TO SUFFERERS FROM ANÆMIA, DEBILITY, &c., &c.

The proprietors of Vitæ-Ore—the preparation which physicians recommend in cases of anaemia, lassitude, after-effects of influenza, and general weakness—have arranged to send out to readers a free sample of this wonderful restorative, together with interesting literature relating to it. Vitæ-Ore is five times more nourishing than beef-extracts, and has saved many lives. Make application at once, mentioning *Daily Mirror*, and enclose a penny stamp for postage, to Vitæ-Ore, Ltd., 5, Abchurch-lane, Blackfriars, S.E.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

"How can you be anything else?" Her eyes were so eloquent. He bent his dark head quietly and kissed the hand he held in his.

"My love—but you are so young! Perhaps you could be happy without me."

"I couldn't live. She spoke so simply that it gave an intense impression to what she said."

"And you are prepared to trust me?"

"Of course I do. I can't help it."

"With everything? You are sure you will never regret?"

"Quite sure."

Again a shadow crossed his face.

"It seemed unfair. I am an old—old to you. I know so much. You are like a crystal without a

single flaw. Ought I to wait until you are older—until you understand more?"

"If you wait, I will wait," she said. "But it is waste of time—Mr. Anthony." Her eyes smiled into his. He crushed her hand in a grip of steel, but she felt no pain because she was so happy.

"Then I have quite made up my mind," he said. "My Blue Eyes, I shall take you and marry you straight away. Then there is nothing more to be said. And if you ever regret, on the day I find it out I will put a bullet through my brain."

"Ah, don't!" Her voice was harsh with pain; and he comforted her with gentle words, and they went on talking, as lovers do, oblivious of the time.

About half an hour afterwards Vanna Tempest, who had won a large sum of money, suddenly remembered that she had left her daughter on the

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